OCTOBER, 1925

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THE · AMERICAN · SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



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America *of the* Fifties



LETTERS *of* FREDRIKA BREMER



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NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALES

TRANSLATED BY HELEN AND JOHN GADE

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THEY sat with hunters by their fire on summer nights; they listened to superstitious milk-maids and bedridden old women; on the wild moor, in the pine forest, and by the great open fire-place, they heard the stories that peasants told. They heard of trolls, grotesque and gigantic; hill-people living under mountains and singing sweetly on moon-lit nights; "nisser," full of mischief; elves, giants, and mermaids. Illustrated by Kittelsen and Werenskiold. Price $2.00.

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FINANCIAL NOTES

Denmark's New Internal Loan

Divided into four parts, distributed among the four main banks in Copenhagen, the new Danish internal loan for 30,000,000 kroner will carry interest of 5 per cent., and is to be amortized in the course of 15 years with a payment of 2,000,000 kroner annually. The bonds are in denominations of 100, 500, 1,000, 2,000 and 5,000 kroner each. The participating banks in the loan are Nationalbanken, Handelsbanken, Privatbanken, and Landmandsbanken.

Finland Needs Capital for Industrial Purposes

While Finland is making constant progress with regard to the general economic situation, there is still need of capital for the purpose of getting the full benefit from the industrial enterprises which in recent years have been established with the view to the future. High interest on money borrowed, for instance, is a serious drawback at the present time. It is not seldom that the institutions of credit compel the business men to dispose of stocks on hand at a loss in order to make them meet their obligations. A further drawback has been that the necessary capital has been absent with which to make factory improvements. When the paper and cellulose industry is excepted, there has been nothing less than stagnation in Finland's industrial life since the cessation of inflation and the introduction of currency stabilization. This condition is not peculiar to Finland alone, since such stabilization elsewhere has been followed with the identical results.

Efforts to Reduce the Norwegian Budget

One of the most important aims of the Norwegian government from year to year has been to reduce the budget as much as possible, and it has not always been the easiest thing for the respective ministers of finance to make income and expenditures match. In the beginning of 1924 the policy of reduction found its first positive expression in the budget which the Conservative premier and finance minister, Abraham Berge, submitted for 1924-25 and which made a marked break with the rather free policy of post-war years. It was directly opposed to contracting public debts for any other purpose than conversion, and attempts were made to create new revenues, for example by the introduction of the so-called gold tariff on all import goods. The premier had also planned to procure increased revenues of between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 kroner through the repeal of the prohibition against alcoholic beverages and the subsequent import duty on such commodities, but a political crisis arose on this question, and the Berge cabinet had to resign. Despite the lack of support for the revenue side of the budget, it proved to be so cautiously calculated that many items such as the income tax, for example, produced a surplus. Premier Berge's successor has attempted to solve the budget problem as well as possible, and in spite of various obstacles he has succeeded in presenting a slate that may prove satisfactory under the existing circumstances.

The Icelandic Currency Question

The development of the currency conditions in Iceland has kept pace with the improvement in the economic status of the country, and from March, 1924, when the Icelandic krone reached its lowest level, 8.14 to the dollar, there has been an upward tendency. In July of last year the dollar was quoted at 7.41 kroner; at the end of the year it was 5.92 and by the spring of the new year the Icelandic krone was about as the Danish krone in its relation to the dollar. The development of the economic status made it further possible in the course of the year to completely amortize the loose foreign debts of the Icelandic banks, totalling about 8,000,000 kroner. A preliminary review of the State accounts for 1924 showed a considerable surplus, and from this about 2,500,000 kroner has been utilized in paying off State debts and the augmentation of the cash in hand.

Swedish Securities in Good Demand

While the summer months are marked by a more or less general cessation in Bourse transactions a number of Swedish securities continued to attract buyers because of their intrinsic value. The shares of the Swedish Match Company Limited, for instance, have shown a trading of more than a million kronor daily, and the same may be said of the Grängesberg shares. A number of engineering securities likewise showed bright spots, especially the noted L. M. Ericsson Telephone Company whose administration and financial orientation is expected to undergo certain changes in the near future. A feature of the market is that the public is more and more turning toward bonds, a fact which proves that the fear of a discount raise no longer exists.

Reconstruction of Danish Co-Operative Bank

After considerable discussion between Danish financiers and the Government, the work of redeeming the Danish Co-operative Bank (Andelsbanken) is taking place. The desire is expressed in prominent circles that the administration be conducted somewhat along the lines now in use in Norway where banks that went into liquidation came under government supervision. As for the losses incurred, the liquidation committee is said to have come to the conclusion that the sum cannot be set lower than 42,000,000 kroner, about 15,000,000 kroner in excess of the amount first supposed to be the loss. It has become more and more evident that the Co-operative Bank breakdown turns on political questions, with the party now in power finding it necessary to be on the defensive against onslaughts by the opposition.

American Credit for German Agriculture

According to reports circulated in the Berlin Bourse, an arrangement has been made with American capitalists for the loan of $100,000,000 for use in agricultural development and it is hoped that this sum is but a part of an eventual loan amounting to no less than $400,000,000. In how far the report is true, no authoritative statement has been issued up to the present writing, but it would not cause surprise were certain amounts eventually placed at the disposal of Germany for the purpose named above.

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VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM, in a series of works on Swedish history, has interpreted the ideals of his countrymen to themselves. In doing so he has given the world a noble conception of the nationalism, which is not based on a desire to subjugate others, but which inspires a nation to develop fully its own highest possibilities. He first wrote *The Charles Men,* a cycle of short stories woven around the heroic figure of "Swedish Charles" who went down to glorious defeat, and in doing so left the Swedes some of their most cherished memories. His next work was a novel on the most famous woman of medieval Sweden, St. Birgitta, and this was followed by two novels which under the common title of *The Folkung Tree,* showed the beginnings of Sweden as a Christian and civilized state. Finally, Heidenstam gathered the ripe fruit of his historical studies in a large work for young readers, *The Swedes and Their Chieftains,* in which he brings a poet's breadth of vision to the story of Sweden from prehistoric times until the beginning of the nineteenth century. A collection of stories from this book will be the next in the CLASSICS series of the Foundation. They have been selected and translated by Charles Wharton Stork, who also translated the *The Charles Men* published some years ago by the Foundation.

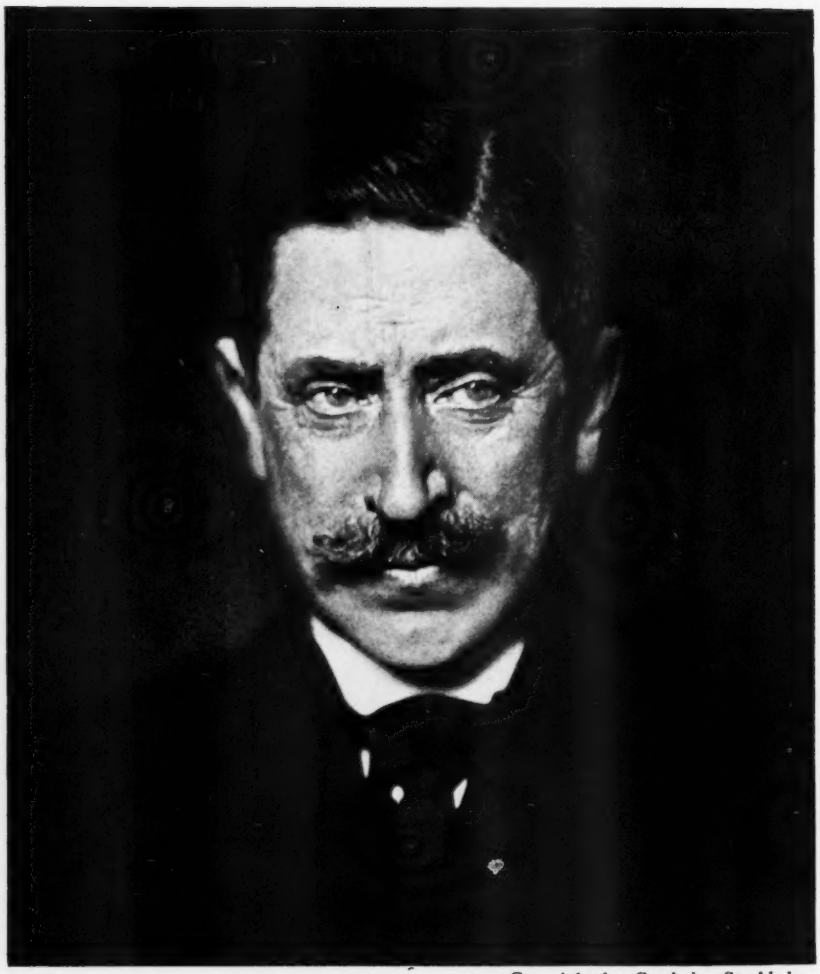
Heidenstam, though still in the fullness of his power, has not published any book since before the war. The greater significance, therefore, attaches to his rare public utterances, such as the speech at Oslo which is reprinted in this issue.

LILLIAN M. SHORTT is an English contributor, author of *Lives and Legends of English Saints.* The photograph of Andersen reproduced with Miss Shortt's article was taken in Copenhagen by Theodor Collin a son of Konferensraad Jonas Collin, Andersen's chief patron. Dr. Viggo Drewsen of New York, who owns the photograph, is a great-grandson of the Konferensraad and, as a boy, knew Andersen. Among his chief treasures is a book in which Andersen with his own hand wrote nonsense rhymes about the exploits of the children of the family and illustrated them with pictures carefully clipped from illustrated magazines.

JOHAN FALKBERGET was introduced to the readers of the REVIEW recently with an article on Röros, the Copper Town of Norway. His fiction is almost all written against the same background which he knows perhaps better than any one else. RUDOLPH H. GJELSNESS was Fellow of the Foundation to Norway last year.

PROFESSOR P. H. PEARSON is known as the author of numerous works on education. As a member of the United States Bureau of Education in Washington he was sent abroad in 1921 to study the schools of the Scandinavian countries. By birth he is a Swede. For a number of years he was professor of English at Bethany College, Lindsborg. At present he holds the chair of Education at Upsala College in New Jersey.

Etatsraadinde MARIE SCHOU, who writes on the American Legation in Copenhagen, is well versed in the social life of the Danish capital. . . SIGURD BERNHARD HUSTVEDT was Fellow of the Foundation to Norway in 1922 to 1923. . . HOWARD MINGOS with this issue completes his series of ten important Swedish inventions.



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VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM
Camera Portrait by Henry Buergel Goodwin

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A New Brotherhood

Address by VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM *to the Students of Swedish, Danish, Finnish, and Norwegian Universities Meeting in Oslo, June* 13

ONCE before have I spoken in Oslo. That was at the bier of Björnson. What would not the old chieftain have said if he could have lifted his head from the sleep that holds it and heard us relate the happenings of the last years! The new century, like a spoiled child, mocked the hopes with which we entered upon it. The golden keys of heaven were not thrown down to earth. The prophets prophesied falsely. Forecasts of the future are but reflections of the present. When the future is stripped of its veils, we face something very different from that which we sought. My heart leaps within me when I see the eagles swoop down upon the soothsayers and their women, overturning their booths and their cups of coffee-dregs, so that we may see the way clear before us and know it as it is: hard, steep, and long.

History tells us: "Your age is one of decadence." Philosophy repeats: "So it is. Whatever you do, decadence works in your blood like a disease and poisons your deeds, your poetry, and your art. To try and make the best of that decadence is the only hope that is left to you."

To make the best of it—and that in a duel with the gloomiest fate to which any generation can be born! Is not that in itself a goal fit to raise up those born to calamity and kindle in them a spirit which makes them ready to move mountains and change defeat into victory! Even decadence can be a source of strength. It is not afraid to turn the steel of satire against its own breast, and its disillusionment makes it sensitively aware of everything that builds on prejudice, even if the prejudice is of yesterday.

However it may be, whether our age was born with the mark of decadence upon it, or whether it is merely a transition period weighed down by the silence and opression that always follows great cataclysms, one thing is sure: it depends largely upon you young people what the final answer to that question shall be. Youth does not create; it receives, but does not give. Youth is born to revolution, but in the beginning it really completes the revolution begun by its elders. Then suddenly it realizes that these ideas have begun to stiffen and be dogmatized, while the events rolling on scatter in their progress a seed of new thoughts. It is precisely at such a juncture we are standing now. The World War and the revolutions following it were the overripe fruit of the nineteenth century, although they fell in the lap of the twentieth. The change of viewpoint, which is becoming more and more evident, is of the present.

One sign of change is the growing strength of the metaphysical urge. Not that I attach much importance to sporadic excursions toward the religion of quiescence which sits on the shores of the Ganges. The greatest philosopher in India is European. No, there are other and stranger portents. In Denmark—until recently sceptical Denmark—there is hardly a day when we can not observe, in the press or in congresses and meetings, discussions along lines of religious research which in their honesty, their freedom, their objectiveness and desire to get at the heart of the matter, seem to be preparing for nothing less than a local new reformation. Similar curents may be traced in other countries too, but are not everywhere so free. They are in a certain way akin to the movements of neo-romanticism, but the essence of them is different. To a far greater extent than before religious emotion is founded on religious historical knowledge. I want to stress that word, knowledge. The results of religious research are beginning to rouse as much interest as formerly those of the natural sciences. At the same time there is a coldness, almost an open hostility, toward the natural sciences, because these have not been able to solve the riddle of the universe. And yet the religious emotion which is founded on knowledge ought surely not to repudiate its own foundation. Is knowledge an evil because it can not do everything? Is the science of medicine without value? Keep your answer till you are yourself ill. The faith which is afraid of knowledge distrusts itself. It is the strength of Christianity that it deals only with human beings, but therein lies also its limitation. Science opens nature to us and teaches us to see beyond humanity and find the kinship between ourselves and the universe which is being revealed to us. Science is constantly widening the domain to which religious feeling may penetrate and should help us to understand rather than forget the most important truths of Christianity.

The change that has come over people's minds is seen also in other

things, especially in the two different faces with which the age meets coming events; one expresses indignant weariness, the other a decision which is a fruit of the war. In southern countries I have often of late spoken with small farmers, artisans, and road laborers who had nothing but a piece of bread and a slice of cheese as lunch for a long workday. Cautiously I led them on to talk of the social struggles which absorb us all. To my amazement I saw that they cared nothing about these issues; they asked only to be left alone and keep what they had. When I sounded the academic youth on the same subject, I found that the voices took on a more bitter edge. "Party lies are poisoning us!" they cried. "Are there no great men any more who can find again the three lost treasures, health, order, prosperity!"

Great men, or rather men who have possibilities for greatness, are surely to be found in all ages. They sit in long rows like the images of Buddha on the shelves of a shop-keeper. For a long time the age passes them by, but when finally it takes down one of them, provided the choice is happy, great things may come to pass,—as for instance when Rome, not long ago, was changed by a single stroke into the antipodes of Moscow. Carefully the age examined the chosen one. He was the son of a laborer and knew his comrades. His slogan was compelling. It was: "All things are possible." The flower of the youth of the land gathered around him. He realized that gold which is not guarded by a hoarding hand will melt away like honey, and he raised the homely qualities of industry and thrift to the dignity of citizens' virtues. He lightened taxes and in everything did exactly the opposite of what everybody else was trying to do. The wonder is that he succeeded and found the three lost treasures. The change from chaos to national rejuvenation was so tremendous and came so suddenly that people as far away as we are have hardly comprehended it or realized what it means as a sign of the times. The young men of the land were ready because they had been in the war. It is no empty phrase that these young men have a stamp all their own. When they speak, gravely and with few words, there is about them a gleam as of steel helmets. It makes one forget the horrors of the war and remember only the greatness of the warrior. These young men have looked reality in the eyes and so have gained strength and wisdom, by virtue of which they will make their mark.

There has rarely been a moment so pregnant with strife as the present. Everything is in motion and tending toward a change. Look carefully to what is happening in the outside world, and do not suppose that it has no message for you.

All too patiently young people here in the North have been chewing the dry straw of old party catchwords. It is about fifty years since that straw was green. Since then it has become mouldy. It is

time that you young people who are serving the cause of knowledge should begin to study ideas that are more nearly of your own age and nearer to contemporary events. Knowledge sets free. It comprehends the significance of opposing factions, but their worn out battle-cries seem to it like cracked bells giving no sound. Knowledge must not be cramped in its dwelling. It should follow the advice of a great scholar who said that it was necessary every day to sweep one's workshop free from dust and theories.

Go like him without preconceived opinions to the search for truth, no matter where it may lead you. That is your task. Clear the way for truth, and chase away the darkness which rises from the seething cauldron of the social struggle. All human beings have the right to be responsible for their own actions, and this responsibility is only possible if they have enough knowledge to judge for themselves. It is for you to give them that knowledge. Go in among those who struggle: pour oil on the troubled waters and light all the thousand small burning candles which will spread light in all directions. Do not wait. Do it before the years and the difference in social position bind you in the strait-jacket of self and party interests. Be young; be free while you are young. Over us lowers a threatening sky with cries of judgment in the air. The progress of the human race is never along straight lines, but follows an irregular course as it is determined by our passions. Perhaps we are nearing a long night with lurid, spectral visions and with lamentations of a despair which we do not yet understand, but there may also be surprises ahead of us. The passions may change their channel, or knowledge may gather strength to reassert itself when it feels barbarism draw near.

If the winds of time and the desires of human beings did not change, we should hardly be standing here to-day discussing these topics in the hope of a new friendship. That jubilant young generation which put its faith in the old Scandinavianism is dead, and our own time with its blood-rimmed horizon wears a different aspect. We do not even wish to have the destinies of nations guided by promises made to the tune of clinking glasses. Every man has a right to sacrifice himself for a cause that seems to him good, but when it comes to plunging one's own people, a whole nation, into war, unless it is threatened with attack, that is a very different matter. That carries with it a responsibility toward unborn generations with which no other responsibility can be compared. When we realize this I believe that now, as the wounds which led to the death of the old Scandinavianism are being healed, the position taken by Sweden at that time will be better understood. No doubt that which once more draws us together is a sense of expedience and of common interests. We can hardly lay enough stress on the fact that the changes around the Baltic concern others besides the Swedes, and that the struggle which Finland went

through was a fight for us all. Nevertheless, the rapidity with which the new Scandinavianism sprang up is a sign that we have all, each for himself, been gathering something that yearns for expression and longs for a brotherly handclasp. We have again learned to treasure not only that which we have in common but that in which we are different. There were many who thought that after the war nationalism would be extinguished like a smoking tallow dip, but instead of that it has flamed up into a beacon. Even the revolution in Russia has a national basis and without that would be unthinkable.

There is really something which we may call the historical task of a people and which is not only a subject for speeches over the brimming bowl on festive occasions. Reduced to its most embryonic form it simply means the will to live, in other words to preserve one's own individuality.

We shudder when we read about races that have vanished and faded from the earth like a brief day. We feel regret when old customs die or old buildings are torn down, for we recall the joy and intensity of life once contained within the forms that are now crumbling. How flat and monotonous would not the world be if all that differentiates the races were wiped out and changed to one great drab-colored surface. How one-eyed and one-armed would not the people become! It is variety in people, in forms of life, in laws and customs, that gives a generation a many-sided view.

It is our individuality that lends beauty and charm to our culture and gives us a sense of well-being in our own country. It is the source of our strength, the measure of our will to live, and our contribution in the common progress of humanity. If we are to mean anything to others, if from our distant rockbound coast we are to fling out some little gleam of light over the waters, it must be through our individuality. The nation which allows this individuality to be flattened out is on the sure road to annihilation, is in fact digging its own grave. For that reason we Northern peoples ought to respect and try to understand one another's character and personality and regard them as different values which we can add together and rejoice over. If we lost these values we should be poorer in ourselves and before the world. They are the Delphian treasures of the Northern races which we ought to guard and preserve with the labor of our hand and brain.

Long before the slogan of the self-determination of peoples flew out over the world and as quickly became nothing, that right was recognized in the dissolution of the union between Sweden and Norway. Is it possible to have a free union without political agreements? Have we any proof that such a union has ever succeeded? Who can answer? With certainty no one. All we can say is that if such a union were ever to be possible it must be in Scandinavia.

There lies in this assertion so high a valuation of the Northern race that it almost savors of self-adulation, and I shrink from expressing it. And yet I can not help repeating, if such a free union is to exist anywhere, it must be here and here only. Let us therefore not begin by doubting and hesitating; let us not despair without at least daring to make a serious effort.

Norwegians, Danes, Finns, Swedes! Stronger than agreements or pledges bind us kindred languages, common blood, and similar conditions of life. The primeval religion of the North, which has its own corner in our hearts and which the sign of the cross has never wholly exorcised, calls to us when we see the sacrificial stones on the mountains and in the forests, and unites us in a secret bond with the nature we live in. If the impossible has become possible and the yet unseen is near its realization, if independent neighboring peoples can stand together like wise and honest men, then certainly a miracle has happened in the history of the world, which testifies to a high, nay, a new culture. Guard it, you young folk, you brothers, hold it high and in honor!

May misunderstandings never divide you, may foreign interference be held at bay, and may we keep our North for ourselves! May you never bear arms against one another. May the bonds of friendship now being tied by young hands remain vital and long resist the changes of time.

H. C. Andersen Comes to Gadshill

By LILLIAN M. SHORTT

IN THE IMPROVISATORE Hans Christian Andersen relates that, as a lonely child, he made his dolls perform Shakespeare's tragedies upon the stage of his tiny theatre. "No poet has since interested me more than Walter Scott," he wrote later to William Jordan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*. "When I first arrived in Copenhagen, often walking about poor and forlorn, without sufficient money for a meal, I have spent the few pence I possessed to obtain from a library one of Walter Scott's novels, and, reading it, forgot hunger and cold and felt myself rich and happy."* While our English masterpieces thus cheered the future author in his struggle for fame, it is pleasant to recall that, comparatively early in his literary success, he rejoiced over the warm appreciation of his English critics. "In England . . . people seem only to look upon what is good in my writings." Moreover, when, in June, 1847, Andersen landed first upon British soil, he met with a most hearty welcome.



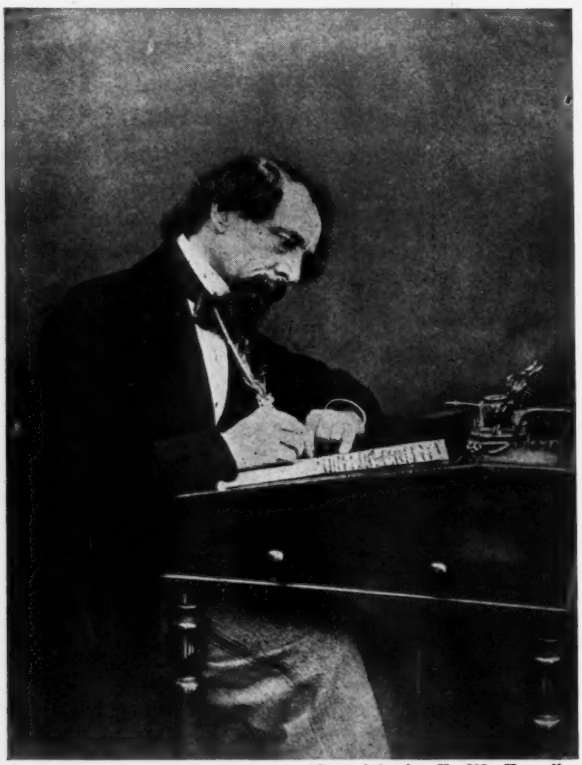
H. C. ANDERSEN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED, TAKEN BY TH. COLLIN IN 1862, AND NOW OWNED BY DR. VIGGO DREWSEN

The journey—so Andersen tells us in his Autobiography—was made in the "oldest of the Dutch steamboats, a true steam-snail," from Holland to Gravesend, where, he wrote, "the Thames appeared as if we were entering a smoking marsh of fire; but it was only the steam of steamships and the smoke of chimneys." But, whereas the traffic of the river aroused his wonder, that of the London streets was an amazing and unforgettable experience. "London, and not Paris, is the capital of the world. In London, Rome is always before

*For quotations from this and other letters I am indebted to *Hans Christian Andersen's Correspondence*, edited by Frederick Crawford.

my mind on account of the contrast: the two cities represent the terrestrial globe: Rome the night—the grand, majestic night; London the day, life in its fullness and its hurry," he wrote to the Grand Duke of Weimar. Subsequently the characteristics that most impressed the Danish visitor were British politeness—exemplified by the good-natured courtesy of the London police—and the rigid sway of etiquette, whose adamantine decrees even royalty durst not resist.

With his visit, on the day after his arrival, to Count Reventlow, the Danish ambassador, Andersen plunged into a whirl of gaiety. The fame of *The Ugly Duckling* and *The Tin Soldier* had preceded him: the doors of the fashionable world were flung open to receive him; and for the next three weeks he was lionized to his heart's content. The Prince Consort, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Castlereagh welcomed him cordially; Bulwer Lytton wrote to express his regret that election-canvassing detained him in the country. The Athenæum Club admitted the "distinguished traveller" to two months' membership.

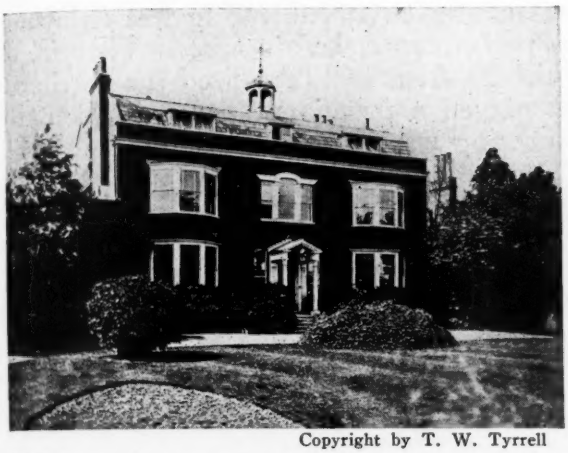


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CHARLES DICKENS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1857 BY CHARLES WATKINS, PRESERVED IN THE GADSHILL ALBUM, AND LOANED BY THE DAUGHTER OF DICKENS

Andersen's chief delight, however, was his meeting, at the house of the Countess of Blessington, with Charles Dickens —"youthful and handsome, with a wise and kind expression, and long, beautiful hair falling down on both sides." The conversation was in English, which Andersen never succeeded in speaking fluently; but the two famous writers fraternized at once, and, a few days later, Dickens visited London expressly to see Andersen, and brought him a beautifully bound edition of his own works with the inscription: "To Hans Christian Andersen, from his friend and admirer, Charles Dickens."

From London, at the pressing invitation of Baron Hambro, Andersen proceeded to Scotland, and there he delighted in following



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GADSHILL AS IT APPEARED WHEN ANDERSEN VISITED IT

in the footsteps of the Wizard of the North, who had earned his boyish veneration. No compliment delighted him more than to be described as "the Danish Walter Scott." Unfortunately a later visit to Prince Albert in the Highlands perforce was abandoned, because the nervous strain of the past weeks was preying too severely on Andersen's never very robust health. When, however, Andersen re-embarked at Ramsgate, Dickens walked over from Broadstairs to bid him godspeed.

Ten years later the suggestion of Andersen's second visit to England brought a warm-hearted invitation from Dickens to spend the whole of his summer holiday at Gadshill. "You shall have a pleasant room there with a charming view, and shall live as quietly and wholesomely as in Copenhagen itself;"—and this invitation Andersen accepted with delight. Only he apologized beforehand for his English which, always imperfect, now was rusty from ten years of disuse. On this occasion (June, 1857) Andersen found his delightful host ten years older and bearded, but otherwise unchanged. The famous Dane's earlier impression still held good: "Take the best out of all Dickens's writings to get a picture of a man, and you have Charles Dickens." Furthermore, the whole environment fulfilled his expectations. The landscape, he wrote to the Queen Dowager of Denmark, "is like a garden, and from the hills one can follow the winding of the Thames for many a mile, and, looking far over the woods and fields, catch a glimpse of the sea. There is a scent of wild roses and ivy here, the air is fresh, and, inside the house, happy people live."

During this second sojourn of five weeks, Andersen avoided London as far as possible. He dreaded a repetition of the mental and physical strain of London society which had tried him severely during his former visit; besides, London in summer did not appeal to him. "The air," he wrote, "is so heavy, the coal smoke so oppressive, and the heat almost unbearable." Yet, on the rare occasions when he and Dickens walked the streets of London "arm in arm," he was delighted to find how many old acquaintances remembered him. Especially he was delighted when two old friends greeted him enthusiastically as "the father of all children."

The chief function that Andersen attended during this enjoyable holiday was a semi-private performance, before Queen Victoria, of some private theatricals which Dickens had organized for charitable purposes, and in which he played a prominent part. Incidentally the excellence of Dickens's acting was an additional surprise to his appreciative guest; who wrote to the Grand Duke of Weimar: "However highly I place him as an author, I must prize him just as highly as an actor in tragedy, as well as in comedy." More often, however, when his host was engaged, Andersen preferred to ramble through the Kentish lanes with the dogs for his companions, or to wander in the hay-fields with the children.

Apparently Andersen's visit afforded mutual pleasure: certainly Dickens wrote as though he missed his Danish friend. "The dogs come dancing about us and go running down the green lanes before us, as when you were here. But the days are shorter and the evenings are darker. . . . . The corn-fields that were golden when you were here are ploughed up brown. The hops are being picked, the leaves on the trees are just beginning to turn, and the rain is falling as I write—very sadly—very steadily." Yet, for no explained reason, a few years after Andersen's return, his Autobiography contains the entry: "Afterwards letters (from Dickens) came less frequently, and last year none at all. All's over, and that happens to all stories."

But, while recalling Hans Christian Andersen's many links with English folk, there is another name that rises inevitably in our minds —that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whom he met in 1861, not in England but in Rome, just two months before her death. The famous Danish author supplied the theme for *The North and the South*— the last lines that the gifted poetess ever wrote:

"Yet oh, for the skies that are softer and higher!"
Sighed the North to the South;
"For the flowers that blaze, and the trees that aspire,
And the insects made of a song or a fire!"
Sighed the North to the South.

"And oh, for a seer to discern the same!"
Sighed the South to the North.
"For a poet's tongue of baptismal flame,
To call the tree or the flower by its name!"
Sighed the South to the North.

The North sent therefore a man of men
As a grace to the South;
And thus to Rome came Andersen.
—Alas, but must you take him again?"
Said the South to the North.

The Race with Death

By JOHAN FALKBERGET

Translated from the Norwegian by RUDOLPH H. GJELSNESS

IT WAS nearing midnight. Bör Enason from the mountains was standing in the office of the old doctor, hitching at his leather trousers.

The cold winter night was clear and starry. The frost laid a relief of icy blossoms on the window pane. The chill wind shrieked outside as it swept past the corners of the house.

It was cozy here in the old doctor's office. The fir logs crackled in the fire, and the angel with the trumpet, on the Kirivariari stove, was glowing red. Normally, this angel was decidedly black. The gleam from the home-dipped tallow candles on the writing desk threw a faint and flickering light into the darkness. The picture of a deceased colonel on the wall was lighted up in its setting of swords. One time these swords had been the honored property of that hero, now gone to his eternal sleep. Yes, now the old warrior had departed to the other world where swords had no place, and so he had been content to leave them behind on earth. The old doctor used to amuse himself with them when he was in a playful mood.

Bör Enason did not dare to sit down. No, that was out of the question! These chairs were so wondrous handsome with their embroidered covers and all, and he feared a reindeer hair might be left on the seat from his coat. The old doctor was rather difficult if anything provoked him. And that must not happen to-night. Back there at Sotaa Hill, his sweetheart, Klaetta, lay on her death bed.

He gave another hitch to his trousers. He might never see Klaetta again. It was not likely she would last long. The thought saddened him and brought the tears to his eyes. The fair girl would not be a bride as had been planned for midsummer day. Not here below. But yonder . . . .

Out there in the mountains they would lay some one in the grave this winter too. It was always a token when the church bells resounded over the northern heights. Some one had gone beyond! And this time, perhaps, it was Klaetta's turn.

The old doctor was preparing the medicine for her. He was an extremely clever doctor. He had done wonders, this man, even to calling people back from eternity itself. That was an actual fact!

He did not much like to be disturbed at this hour of the night, except when, as now, it was a matter of life and death. As a servant of the Crown, he was conscious of a great responsibility. In the act of mixing the potion with infinite care, he took a fleeting glance at the portrait in its frame of swords,—this grandfather now laid to

blessed rest. A strong dose was needed for the mountain Finns if it should have any effect.

"Is it your sweetheart, Bör Enason?" he asked.

It was a pity the Finn chap was so down-hearted.

The doctor was hunting for something in a drawer.

Bör Enason moved forward a little. "That is about it," he answered.

The old doctor counted as he poured something with a rancid odor into the bottle. The drops fell slowly. He shaped a cork and put it in. He handed the bottle to the Finn with careful instructions as to how it should be used. It must on no account be taken in too big a dose.

"Let us hope it does the girl some good," he added. "We shall soon see."

Bör Enason put the bottle hastily into his coat pocket. He took out a leather pouch, fastened to his vest by a chain made of a woman's hair, and threw a handful of clinking coins on the table.

"This is too much," said the doctor, holding toward him a number of silver dollars.

"You need it!," answered Bör Enason. He was already at the door, and had his hand on the frosty knob.

"Take these back!" insisted the doctor. "They will come in handy when you are a bridegroom." He wanted to comfort the lad, and there was a kindly note in his voice. Bör Enason moved closer to the door.

"I guess I won't need it for that." He was staring blankly at the floor.

A strange quiet came over the old doctor's office. The moonlight glittered on the icy window panes, and the walls of the house creaked noisily in the cold.

The old doctor grew thoughtful, and a flood of memories came back to him. It was another such winter night that a horseman on a yellow steed rode away, his woman on the saddle before him. Ay, ay, that night. . . .

"Well, hurry along, my boy!" He looked at him kindly over his glasses.

Bör Enason stumbled out of the door.

In the silvery frost and moonlight, the young Finn rode behind his reindeer, through the valley pass into the mountains. The long stretches lay shimmering; the wind was biting cold. Before the sun set again behind Sotaa Hill, he must be at Sotaa Lake. It was pneumonia that Klaetta had, and she was now entering upon the seventh day—the crisis.

Progress was rapid over the hills because the reindeer was fresh.

The pulkha flew over the little mounds of snow-covered shrubs, with a resounding clank in the irons on the bottom. Bör Enason figured out by the Pleiades that he would reach the region of Sotaa Hill before noon the next day. He shook the reins and shouted. His cries re-echoed through the mountain silences.

The grey of early morning found him already at the ridge of Vargfjeld. The rosy beams of sunlight soon began to appear on the heights. The day dawned. The moon hung low over the mountains to the north. The evening star went out, and the glimmering light of morning came over the earth.

According to old reckoning, it was a half day's journey with reindeer from the ridge of Vargfjeld to his home. But just here Bör Enason's reindeer showed signs of tiring. He noted with horror that the animal was becoming unsteady, and the speed was gradually falling off.

He raised himself in the pulkha and bawled at the reindeer. He struck it wildly with the reins. The animal leaped forward with every blow that fell on its back, and then slowed down again to a weary trot.

Sobs broke from Bör Enason. He bawled and lashed like a wild man. His yells died down to a wailing in the early morning stillness. No one answered. Only the steep cliffs round about returned his words, cold and hollow, as the yowl of the mountain wolf.

Klaetta was battling with death. To-day was the seventh day—the crisis. Before the daylight fled again behind Sotaa Hill, she would probably lie cold and still in the old shanty. The fire on the hearth would be extinguished; the sun gone down. . . .

"Oh, please! Go on!," he was pleading with the animal. "It is for Klaetta's life you know. In the name of God! She must not die and leave us. Must not, don't you hear . . . . ."

He continued to talk to the reindeer in this manner until it staggered and fell on its knees. It lay there trembling, its great eyes glinting in the sunlight.

Bör Enason stumbled out of the pulkha. He fell down on his knees beside the animal, and began to pat it gently on the neck.

"Don't you remember all the salt you used to get from Klaetta when you were a poor little calf!"

The animal raised its head. In the gold of the morning, there was a warm light in its shiny eyes. It tried to get up, but only sank back helpless, groaning.

"In the name of God, then. . . . ."

Bör Enason tugged and jerked at its horns. But all to no avail.

He stool a moment staring vacantly into space. His brown eyes were moist with tears. His mouth quivered with anger and distress. Suddenly, he tore the bowie knife from its sheath, and pressed one knee against the neck of the beast.

He would kill the miserable creature!

But, as he was standing thus, he seemed to feel the poor animal shrink away from him in terror. He became strangely weak. He fell down upon it and wept. His sweetheart had so often cared for this buck, and had been so uncommonly kind to it. He could see her now, standing there among the shimmering willow trees, on a sunny summer evening in the mountains, feeding it salt from her hand. The birch trees were moist with dew; the purling of the river pervaded the quiet summer night like gentle music.

"How can you forget Klaetta?" He pressed close to the deer . . .

The sun climbed higher over the peaks . . . Suddenly Bör Enason leaped up. Again, he planted his knee against the animal; the steel of the knife blade gleamed in the sun. The exhausted buck gave a long bellow, and tried to rise. But the blood was spurting out from the wound beside the hilt of the knife, and its strength was ebbing. It could do nothing but die.

Bör Enason drew out the knife. Then he put his mouth to the wound and drank deep of the warm blood. His weakness vanished. He raised himself and gazed toward the mountains. He became a raving wild man from this powerful drink in the wilderness. Before the sun went down behind Sotaa Hill, he would be home, just the same. Again, with frantic eagerness, he put his mouth to the wound and sucked. He could feel the last death spasms of the deer. Then it lay still. . . . .

With tense face, he jumped up, and grabbed the skis out of the pulkha. He jumped into them and made tracks over snow-covered mounds of heather along the ridge of Vargfjeld. Mile upon mile, up hills, panting heavily with feverish excitement, down again amid flurries of snow from the disks of his ski sticks. It was so far to Sotaa Hill to-day. The hills seemed to stretch out as never before. The sweat poured from his disheveled hair. Onward, the persistent march. He seemed to feel that there was another who was also hurrying over these heights. The question was who should arrive first.

The day was old. The sun stood low in the heavens. Bör Enason took a moment to get down on his knees and drink out of an icy pool. A band of pale, golden light sifted through the birch trees and lit up the surface of the frozen water. As the stars were being kindled above him in the winter night, he dashed off again.

Suddenly he stopped to listen. He cried out, as if he had been stabbed. "Klaetta!"

It was church bells he heard ringing over the northern mountains. They were ringing over the dead.

In the dusk of evening, out there on the endless wastes, Bör Enason stood hunched over his ski sticks, in a sorrow that was voiceless.

Goran Hansker

By P. H. Pearson

IT WAS a cruel occurrence and doubly so because it happened on the very day that Goran was starting for America. As he was roping the trunk, his little son Eskil came running in, frightened and with a gash above his eye from which the blood trickled down his face. When his father asked how it had happened, the child, confused and crying, failed to explain that in coming home cross lots he had been chased off Jeppson's premises and, in his hurry, had fallen from the fence and struck his head against a rock. Nor did he say that Karen Munter had picked him up and wiped the blood drops from his face. Instead of these details Eskil, child-like, mentioned only the name of the person who had motioned him off—"Jeppson."

There was no time to call any one to account for the "blood mark," for the cart drew up so that Goran and his son had to get ready right away and drive to the station. As the father washed the blood from Eskil's soft cheek and bandaged the gash on his brow, he felt welling up in his heart a tenderness toward his little son that amounted almost to a physical pain. He thought of the buffets to which these soft limbs would be exposed in the life that lay ahead of them beyond the ocean. But the mishap on the day of departure was soon forgotten—sooner, however, by little Eskil than by his father.

In time they reached the prairies of Kansas, where they settled on a quarter section of railroad land adjoining a quarter section already occupied by Swen, the brother of Goran. On the other side of the valley a range of hills, the Spanish Buttes, trailed off to the northwest. One promontory of the range had been known to the Indians as Buffalo Head, but the Swedish settlers in these parts called it the Big Troll. In the early morning, when the smoke from the settlers' dugouts showed that breakfast was in preparation, the Big Troll wore a mist shroud, but when the sun rose he changed it for a robe of violet tints. If the sky was overcast the robe became a cloak of gray, and the pioneers said, "Big Troll is putting on his rain coat."

Like others on the frontier Goran built his cabin on a level with the grass roots, that is three feet down and three feet above the surface. As a precaution against prairie fires he encircled the cabin with a plowed belt about twenty feet wide.

Thunder storms of a violence unknown in the Northland would sometimes burst over the plains. They were usually preceded by sultry warmth and by atmospheric changes reflected in the tints of the distant

hills. Then the settlers used to say, "The Big Troll is putting on his war paint—look out for thunder storms."

Goran broke prairie and planted broom corn, for he had been told that by means of this crop you could take money out of the raw sod in seventy days. He and his brother bought farming implements in partnership, exchanged labor, and had their cattle in the same pasture. At first the brothers scrupulously wrote down every item of their accounts, for as the neighbors used to say, they were fiercely straight and on the square with each other and with everybody. But after some time they forgot to make the entries concerning their separate expenditures, and then affairs became merged so that as the years passed it was difficult to distinguish the property of one from that of the other.

Eskil grew into a sturdy lad. He attended school, but could begin only when the fall work was finished, and had to quit when plowing began in the spring. His father, always solicitous about him, saw to it that he had warm stockings and a fur cap for blizzard days. On the trips to the trading post—made every three or four months—Eskil went along and enjoyed to the full this break in the ranch seclusion. Then his father purchased for him such things as boys like—a copy of Robinson Crusoe, a pocket knife, and a mouth harp. On one occasion, the day of the county fair, Eskil had ice cream and afterwards a ride on the merry-go-round. The fair and its attractions furnished material for conversation in the evenings later on when father and son sat by the fire in their cabin.

On the prairies in those days the claims of a fuller life gave rise to the play party, the dance, and the literary society, and Eskil, now a young man, often attended these affairs. Goran remained at home, for entertainments of this kind were, of course, not for a man of his years, but no matter how late the night grew he always stayed up and had a cup of coffee ready against his son's return. Then Eskil would tell everything that had happened in the evening, and his father drank in the account eagerly. Both enjoyed it doubly because they shared it. One night in August, as they lingered over the midnight coffee, Eskil grew more confidential than usual and told of a young woman he had met several times and in whom he was obviously interested. Her name was Erla, Erla Skanberg; she lived on the other side of Sharp's Creek.

"She is a fine girl, father, and I just happened to talk with her a few minutes when the party was breaking up."

Some evenings later Eskil again approached the subject, asking whether his father would find it tiresome if left alone at home that night. "I thought it would be only polite to call at the Skanberg home since she asked me to."

"Go, boy, go and talk with the young woman to your heart's content." Then after a pause he added: "Eskil, there are many kinds of

young women; so find out if she is 'heart good,' Eskil, and go slow till you are sure."

"I will be sure, father, and therefore I will go slow."

"And as you sit and talk and perhaps get somewhere near the subject, find out also if she knows any poetry by heart—Poetry is uplifting like."

"Maybe she will recite some for me."

Eskil's courtship was steadied by the hard sense of his father and at the same time shared by him in all its delicate flutterings. When his son returned late at night with the warm love glow suffusing his countenance, the old pioneer's heart rejoiced. Even if the night was late, neither was sleepy. There seemed to be so much to talk about, so many plans for expanding the farming operations and putting more acres into wheat or alfalfa, and some way Erla got mixed up in the plans. Then Eskil told what she had said or done on that particular night, mentioning also neighboring ranchmen who on pretext of business with the father had lingered for a chat with the daughter. Thus Eskil felt happy to share the love flurries that he was himself experiencing. Often of evenings when the young lover was ready to start for Sharp's Creek, Old Goran would say, "I 'll do the chores to-night, Eskil." In the progress of his courtship there was, however, one touch of disappointment of which old Goran was not aware. Eskil had more than once hinted to Erla how delighted he would be if his father could meet her some time, but the young woman did not act on the hint.

It was April, and the Big Troll wore his raincoat much of the time. Then the news swept along the pony trails that America was in the war. The settlers had only meagre information as to what it was all about. That the young men would soon be summoned to enroll under the colors was a strong probability. After having talked over the various phases of the situation, the old settler said, "I don't know how this country goes to war, but it's got to have the young men. Some young men will be sure to go of their own accord, while others will have to be asked. Eskil, it is better to go of your own accord. Swen and I will run the farms, and we will let the new breaking go till you get back."

Two things clutched at Eskil's heart strings as he left for the front. It was hard to go so far from Erla, but she was a brave girl, and she hoped he would be back soon and safe. Also the years had begun to tell on his father. The old man's step was less elastic than formerly, as if there were now less shock absorption in his body. In their words of farewell there was, however, no gushing, only the hand clasp, the goodbye, and the hope for a safe return. For the rest, each suffered silently and alone.

One message from the trenches contained these items:—"Longing to get back to the ranch, otherwise I am nearly all right. Got caught

in a gas mess about two weeks ago. A fellow—we call him Alabama —the bravest chap I ever saw, put my gas mask on me. We both got a little of the poison, but I'll soon have it coughed out of me. Don't tell Erla. Will show you a kodak picture of that chap and me when I get back."—

Months of waiting rolled by before Eskil was sufficiently recovered to start on the journey home. He improved on the ocean, where the air was pure, but the long railway journey with its dirt and smoke aggravated his condition. From the army doctor he had procured a bottle of medicine stuff with which he could for a time stop the tickling in his throat, when he felt that a fit of coughing was coming on. When he told his seat mate, "I get off at the next station," the latter said, "You'd better take some of your dope then, Pal, for it will be awkward to cough when your folks will be kissing you." Hence Eskil's folks, comprising Goran and Swen (Erla was not there), noticed only that he was thin and tall and straight and a bit fagged from the long journey.

Eskil did not seem to loosen up and talk much, although his chums and acquaintances from the ranches about were thirsting for a first hand account of the grapple in going over the top. The tall ranchman who had laid siege to Erla's affections was kept temporarily in the background when Eskil made his expected call. But on returning from this visit he failed to talk about her with as much enthusiasm as formerly. Perhaps his father suspected something, for he suddenly asked, "Are you sure she is heart-good, Eskil?" The sense of being jilted was felt by the old man as keenly as by his son.

"We are going to fatten you up a bit, Eskil," said his father in a bracing tone. "Food and sleep and fun will do it," he added without specifying in what form the fun was to be administered. Goran and Swen liked the looks of his chum from the trenches, the brave chap, Alabama, who appeared on the kodak picture with Eskil, both equally tall and pretty much of the same age.

The return to the soil acted at first as a tonic to the young soldier. While in the trenches he had fancied how soothing it would be again to hold the plow handles and to gallop over the pasture stretches to round up the cattle. Now he found he could indulge in these activities only in a moderate degree. Heavy work like pitching alfalfa into tall stacks was out of the question until, as he said, he should get his second wind. Any unusual exertion tended to bring on spells of the persistent cough, which he tried, as well as possible, to hide from his father. The fits had a tendency to recur with an ominous regularity, usually at four o'clock in the afternoon following several hours of physical exertion. He could not now hide it, for the medicine stuff was gone. Once his father caught him down by the creek where he had gone to have his coughing spell out in seclusion. It cut him to the quick to see the look

of troubled concern with which his father then regarded him. The worst of it was that the coughing soon began to attack him at two o'clock in the morning when his vitality was low. Earnest persuasion finally induced Eskil to remain at the cabin and to attend only to such lighter work as he could perform without exertion. Meanwhile Goran and Swen took upon themselves the labors on the farm, Eskil under protest being taken off the work schedule till "he'd get better wind in his lungs."

Whenever old Goran returned from the fields—and little errands seemed frequently to bring him back to the cabin—he always had some cheery remark such as, "Oh, you are better now, lad," or "You have a stiffer voice to-day." Then, if the work in the field was not held up too much by his absence, he would stay long enough to have afternoon coffee or at least to take a smoke. Eskil, too, maintained the cheerful tone, reciting jokes and stories from the barrack rooms. He would have sung soldier ditties, only singing tickled his throat so.

Though the young soldier scorned the idea of having a doctor, his father summoned one from Salina. The doctor gave no opinion on the probable outcome of the case, but ordered Eskil to bed for a few days, for an ominous fever had developed. Once old Mr. Skanberg came to see how Eskil was getting along. He had greetings from Erla, but Skanberg, kindly old soul, was not good at fibbing, so the impression was left that the greetings were well meant but fictitious.

It marked a cruel stage in old Goran's own course of life when he first sat by the sickbed of his son and stroked the hair back from the young man's feverish brow. The old scar which during former years had been quite concealed by the flush of health, now showed up with singular distinctness. When the fever rose it stood out as an uncanny blotch of crimson; when the fever abated it took on a hue of livid paleness, and it would not be stroked away.

"It has nothing to do with my lungs, father, and does me no harm."

"But I don't like to see it, Eskil, boy."

To steady himself against a feeling of faintness that occasionally overcame him, old Goran now supported himself on a stout stick cut from a hickory shoot on the creek. He had, as a matter of fact, become a little bowed of late; there was also less firmness in his step. Often of nights he would lie awake till almost morning to note whether his son breathed regularly or whether he caught his breath much in gasps. Now and then he would ask softly, "Eskil, are you awake?" As the son was mostly always awake the elder man would inquire, "Shall I talk to you a little while? The long night is perhaps lonesome for you." What they said then was intended to divert their thoughts from present circumstances, as for instance, "Eskil, do you know that to-morrow it will be twenty years since we came out here?"

"Yes, and after all we've had a corking good time all these years." One night when the moon shone in full through the rooms, the conversation turned on just this kind of a topic, and Eskil followed it up by remarking, "Do you remember, father, how I used to go to the literary societies and tell you all about the program when I came back—and how good the hot coffee tasted as we kept on talking?"

"Eskil, I remember it well."

"Those were the happy old times, father."

The old man looked at the upturned face of the son on which the moon shone full, and he saw how emotion sent the blood to the youth's face charging the scar with a crimson glow, and how in the next instant the crimson spot took on the hue of white marble.

About a week after this conversation Eskil called his father in the night, speaking in a whisper as if he did not wish to disturb him if he were asleep.

"Father, are you awake?"

"Yes, Eskil; how is it with you?" He arose and sat down by his son's cot.

"Father, some time I shall have to say good-bye to you, and—and —perhaps I better—say it now."

"No, no no, Eskil!"

"We've had a good time together—Goodbye, Father."

No one heard the old man's moaning; the hand that he kept on holding in both of his finally grew dull and chill. The clock struck two—there was no other sound except the sighing of the wind outside.

At sunrise Goran, leaning heavily on his stick, trudged over to his brother's cabin, and said, "Swen, Eskil is gone." Hardly anything else was said while Swen prepared breakfast, for which Goran had no appetite.

During the weeks following the funeral old Goran bravely tried to resume his round of duties on the farm, and there were plenty of them. The cattle had to be looked after; the corn needed plowing, and the alfalfa was ready to cut. But Goran felt an absence of enthusiasm, for which he upbraided himself. The cabin was so intolerably lonely —a heartless void around him. Sometimes long before sunrise he would get up and walk about, perhaps trudge up the slope of the hill, stop a few minutes before the mound there, and then trudge back.

One morning early in August he came over to the cabin of his brother just as the latter was getting up. "Swen," he said, "I am going back to Sweden."

"Yes, Goran; then I suppose we shall have to straighten out our accounts."

"No, you can just let me have a few hundred dollars, and then you can send me a little more when that's gone."

"I think we better fix up our accounts, Goran."

"Well, all right, if you say so. How much do you think you ought to have as your share?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"That you shall have, Swen. And will you take care of his grave and remember to put flowers there on his death day?"

"I will, Goran; you can be sure of that."

And so he started for his native land carrying only such necessary effects as could be stowed in his grip, but in his inside pocket he put the kodak picture of his son and his son's pal from the trenches. In booking his passage at the office in New York he requested the agent to give him a place in the part of the ship where he would get just plain food, as he did not care for cakes and such things. He would also prefer to be alone in a cabin, but if this privilege could not be granted he wished to be in with some person of staid and settled years.

As the coast lights of their native shore came in sight, the passengers gravitated into groups according to taste and temperament to celebrate their return, some with feasting, others with dancing, and a few with prayer. Goran joined none of the groups, but spent the evening alone in his room; no sleep came into his eyes that night.

Most of the travellers had some one to meet them and to take charge of them and their luggage. Though unassisted by any one, Goran passed through the offices with no trouble, for his passport was in order, and his hand luggage contained nothing but a few articles of wearing apparel.

In the waiting room he sat down for a while, mainly to realize the fact that he was now once more in his native land, and that a long stretch of years had passed since he left. The forenoon wore on toward the lunch hour, yet he felt no appetite, although he had eaten no breakfast. About one o'clock when he started toward the further objective of his trip, taxi drivers wanted to pick him up, but he told them he had concluded to walk.

His satchel was not heavy, and he remembered the road—about three miles and a half. Perhaps he would stop for a bite to eat at Horsta, a cluster of houses as he recalled, about two miles out. As he trudged on he felt, to be sure, a trifle fagged before he had gone very far; but perhaps it was all due to the hot August sun and the air which seemed oppressive in contrast with the breezes of the plains. At Horsta he did not stop for coffee and a sandwich as he had expected, for he did not feel hungry. He only sat down by the side of the road to rest a few minutes before going further. A little boy, hunting for raspberries in the hedge, eyed him bashfully. Goran gave him an American quarter, asked him his name, and stroked back the locks of frowzy hair from the child's forehead.

From Horsta the road wound over the Romborg Hills. Here it was heavy walking, for the road was sandy. On the summit of the

hill lay the village church with the parsonage just beyond. He would try to reach this, and then the road would descend, and the going would be easier. A peasant woman noticed the uncertain steps of the old man as he labored up the hill, and as she watched him she saw him suddenly crumple together in a heap on the road. And it was through the kind helpfulness of Karen Munter—for this was the woman—that Goran was brought to the parsonage where the Vicar, who saw that it was a serious case, had the village doctor summoned.

After a while, when restoratives had revived the hapless man, the Vicar said: "Stranger, I don't know who you are, but the doctor tells me you have at most only a few hours left"—

"A few—hours left," repeated the sick man.

"Yes; I am a minister of the Gospel, and I must bid you make your peace with God."

"But—first I must find"—he left the sentence unfinished.

"Friend, you have time for nothing but prayer."

"But—what did you say?"

Here the minister's wife brought in a tonic, and they raised the stranger's head a little so that he could swallow it.

"Stranger, ask forgiveness for your sins and forgive others, for we are all sinful."

"Some have been—bad to me and I—have been bad to some, so I think that—ought to be square."

"That will not do; you must forgive all that have wronged you."

"Well—then—all but—Jeppson."

"What! Jeppson?" The minister was startled to hear the name of his wife's father. "What has Jeppson done to you?"

"A long, long time ago"—and he could get no further.

Here the minister conferred for a moment with his wife who was shocked to hear her father's name coupled with some wrong now troubling a dying stranger's mind. Karen Munter, who was familiar with occurrences in the village, old and new, began to look attentively at his features. Finally the Vicar again addressed himself to the man who was once more lapsing into a stupor.

"I don't know what is on your mind, but if you have a grievance against Harold Jeppson—can you hear what I say?"

"Yes, Harold Jeppson; that is the—man."

Here the clergyman began to explain, interrupting himself frequently to be sure that the prostrate man, whose apprehension was sluggish, followed him.

"You should not now remember what must be some unhappy mistake—can you hear me?"

"Ay, ay."

"As for Jeppson, he went to America nineteen years ago—Do you follow me?"

"Jeppson—America," repeated Goran.

"Yes, and he is dead."

"Jeppson dead!—Who killed him?"

Here a more specific explanation seemed called for, so the young minister continued: "The climate was bad for him."

"Was—bad for him," repeated Goran.

"Yes, and then his son went to France, was gassed and lived only a short time after he returned. Then the father's health got worse, and old Jeppson died partly from the effects of the climate, but mainly from a broken heart."

The sick man impetuously interrupted—"Wait, wait; say some of that again; not all—his son—dead; Jeppson—dead—broken—"

The idea was slowly repeated. Then the stick which the stranger had convulsively clutched all this time dropped on the floor, and his hand sought his coat pocket for the kodak photo. It was one of which the Vicar's wife had a copy—Eskil and Alabama—both copies were held before the eyes of old Goran.

"And now do you forgive all?"

"All—and Jeppson," said Goran.

Karen Munter to whom the story was now clear bent over the man and said, "Goran Hansker, your boy fell and hurt himself; Jeppson never touched him."

"Jeppson never—touched—him," repeated Goran, and a serene look came into his countenance.

More than one villager wept as Goran a few days later was carried out to his long rest.



Scandinavian Homes of Uncle Sam

I. The Legation in Copenhagen

By MARIE SCHOU

DENMARK, in spite of the smallness of the land and the nation, will always have a certain diplomatic importance because of its geographical position. The old picturesque fortress Kronborg still stands at the entrance to Öresund as a symbol of the time when Denmark held the military key to the Baltic, and though the Sound is now a peaceful dividing line between two brother peoples, Denmark still, in a sense, holds the key to the mind of Europe. There is probably no place where a shrewd and sensitive observer may to better advantage feel the pulse of European thought and sense the nearness of coming events. It is a post, therefore, that needs must be filled by a clear-minded and far-sighted diplomat. Furthermore, the post at Copenhagen is one that has always attracted American diplomats of literary and scholarly tastes.



Photograph by Julie Laurberg

MINISTER PRINCE AT THE PIANO

The United States has maintained diplomatic relations with Denmark since 1810, and in that time there have been no less than twenty-six diplomatic representatives in Copenhagen. The site of the legation itself has often been changed. For years, under Mr. Carr and Mr. Swenson, it was in Bredgade. When Mr. O'Brian came to Copenhagen, he moved the legation to Amaliegade 12, where many foreign diplomats had resided before, and here for years it continued to be the home first of Mr. O'Brian and then of his successor, Maurice Francis Egan, who lived there all the years he was in office. It was there he entertained Theodore Roosevelt, when Mr. Roosevelt visited

Copenhagen, and so many people crowded in that Mrs. Egan was in mortal fear lest the floor should collapse and the guests land in the apartment below.

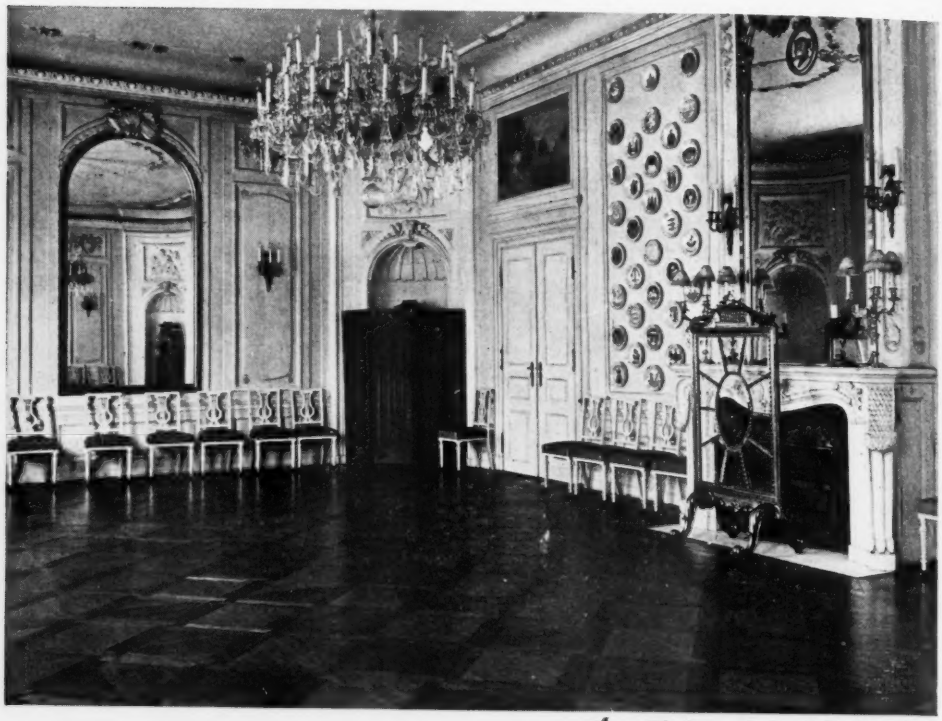
During the war the personnel of the legation was increased to such an extent that more and more rooms had to be pressed into service for offices. Finally Dr. and Mrs. Egan had to withdraw to the smaller rooms, while typewriters clicked and important secretaries and busy clerks flitted in and out of the rose pink drawing room, the boudoir with its colonial furniture, Dr. Egan's own study, and even the big dining-room.

Finally, when Dr. and Mrs. Egan left Copenhagen, the entire apartment was converted into the Chancery, and it became necessary to provide another residence for the minister and his wife. Mr. Grew was so fortunate as to find, nearby, at Amaliegade 17, a small, beautiful palace owned by Count Raben, who was willing to rent it furnished. A more delightful environment for the legation could hardly be conceived than this eighteenth century palace known as the Raben-Levetskau Palais. It is situated in the most fashionable street of Copenhagen, facing the Gule Palais (the Yellow Palace), where Prince Valdemar lives with his son, Prince Viggo and the latter's American wife. A short distance away the street ends in the famous



Photograph by Julie Laurberg

BREAKFAST AT THE AMERICAN LEGATION; TO THE RIGHT MRS. PRINCE



Photograph by Julie Laurberg

THE BALL ROOM AT THE AMERICAN LEGATION

colonnade which opens upon Amalienborg Square where the royal palace is situated.

The Legation has beautifully furnished reception rooms, a fine stair-case, one of the most spacious dining-rooms in Copenhagen, and a charming ball room, though the most attractive room is undoubtedly the library and study of the present minister, Dr. John Dyneley Prince. All the furniture is in keeping with the period when the palace was built. It was a great piece of good fortune to find this home ready to move into, although it has, of course, the drawback of being only rented, while more and more of the other countries are realizing the importance of owning their own homes. In Amaliegade the Italians have their legation. The Swedish and Finnish legations are at the other corner, and near by is the British legation which has owned its own home for many years.

No couple could fit better into these surroundings than the present representative for the United States and his charming wife. Dr. and Mrs. Prince have made the American legation one of the most hospitable and popular homes in Copenhagen. Invitations bearing the arms of the United States are always coveted, whether they be to one of the great diplomatic dinners or to a gathering of men of science where the American visitor is sure to meet Danish authorities on



Photograph by Julie Laurberg

AMALIEGADE LOOKING TOWARD AMALIENBORG SQUARE; THE AMERICAN LEGATION TO THE LEFT, THE GULE PALAIS TO THE RIGHT

precisely the subjects he is studying in Denmark. Among events at the legation are the big Fourth of July fête the Christmas reception, and the balls for the American fleet, besides numerous smaller social affairs where people are brought together in a more informal way. All these are the test of "feminine diplomacy," and Mrs. Prince lends to them all a peculiar graciousness. Dr. Prince is a man of the most varied activities. He talks to the Boy Scouts, lectures to the University students, and gives conferences at the Officers' Club or before organizations of working men. His speeches were among the first to be broadcast in Denmark. His linguistic ability is undoubtedly unique in diplomatic circles. He can turn from one to another of his colleagues and converse with each one in his own language, even if it be a tongue so remote as Russian or Turkish. Danish he has, of course, mastered, speaking it with fluency and perfect accuracy. Next among his talents is that for music, and one of the greatest pleasures of a visit to the legation is to hear the minister at the piano singing and expounding the songs of every clime and nation.

The Danes are especially pleased with the interest Dr. Prince takes in their fair capital and its historic associations. He and Mrs. Prince have traveled extensively in Denmark, and everywhere the minister finds something, whether it be a prehistoric tumulus or a modern co-operative dairy, which he can study and point out to his compatriots when they visit him.

Diplomatic missions belong to the annals of the Foreign office at Washington and help to make history. Among those who by their personal qualities and influence have helped to maintain the bond of good will and inspire faith in what great America can and will do, certainly the present representative in Copenhagen and his gracious wife should be mentioned as having done their share in bringing about this great result.

Paintings by Christian Midjo

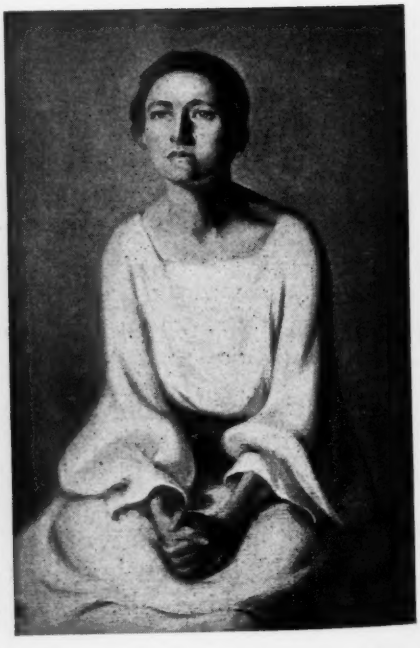


A Poem, Painting by Christian Midjo

THE canvas which the artist has called The Poem, is the expression of feelings roused in him by the World War. The view over the roofs of New York shows him in a more realistic vein. Among his portraits one of the most powerful is that of the dean of American psychologists, Professor Titchener. Christian M. S. Midjo is professor in the art department of Cornell University. He is a Norwegian by birth.



The Slums of New York, by Christian Midjo



Portrait of Mrs. Carroll by Midjo



PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR E. B. TITCHENER, BY CHRISTIAN MIDJO



THE SQUALL, BY CHRISTIAN MIDJO

Swedish Inventions

By Howard Mingos

X. The Iceless Refrigerator

THE SWEDISH Technical Society recently conferred on two young engineers its highest distinction, the Polhem Medal, named for Christopher Polhem, "father of Swedish inventions," and awarded only a dozen times during the last fifty years. The two young men thus honored are Carl Munters and Baltzar von Platen. They invented an ice box which requires no ice to keep it cool. It can be operated anywhere at very little cost—in a private home for about four cents a day—and is so practical that fellow scientists have acclaimed it one of the greatest inventions of this generation.

Munters and von Platen were students at the Royal Technical High School in Stockholm when they first conceived the idea of solving a problem which has been studied in all modern countries for more than a score of years, one involving the creation of artificial cold by means of heat. Later, the two engineers worked out their device in the laboratories at the Stockholm Institute of Technology.

They first avoided the use of all mechanical and movable parts such as pistons, fans, pumps, and gears which might get out of order. They made their iceless refrigerator by installing three communicating metal cylinders. A tiny flame created by means of gas, kerosene, or electricity, whichever is desired, sets in motion an ammonia solution in a small boiler. This passes through condensation tubes and trickles down a generator where it mixes with hydrogen and thus evaporating absorbs enough heat to cool the contents of the ice chest. The ammonia is then washed free of hydrogen in a third cylinder, passing back to its original position where the action is repeated. The heat obtained from one and a half cubic meters of gas produces the equivalent of fifty pounds of ice. In the warmest weather the average household refrigerator would have to be operated only about six hours out of the twenty-four to maintain results—keeping the contents cold.

After many experts had pronounced the invention thoroughly practical and economical, the Royal Board of Trade loaned 300,000 kronor to a company which is now exploiting the iceless refrigerator in the markets of the world.

An American Manifesto by Norwegian Immigrants

With an Introduction by Sigurd Bernhard Hustvedt

THE DOCUMENT presented in translation below, sent as an open letter to the people of Norway by the Norwegian colonists of Muskego, Wisconsin, and printed in the Christiania *Morgenbladet* under date of April 1, 1845, has to my knowledge never been reprinted in any language in the United States; it deserves publication in the Centennial year as a sort of Norse-American Declaration of Independence, as a striking evidence of the spirit with which the Norwegian immigrants faced the future in the land of their adoption. The somewhat controversial tone of the communication will be more clearly understood after a glance at the historical background.

Muskego, the first Norwegian colony in the state of Wisconsin, was founded in 1839. Here rose the first church built by Norwegian hands in America. Here the first Norse-American school began its work and the first Norse-American newspaper came from the press. Here lived some of the most venerable of the Norse pioneers. It was not one of the most fortunate colonies, but it has become one of the most famous. To this struggling settlement came, on August 5, 1844, the Reverend J. W. C. Dietrichson, the first clergyman of the State Church of Norway to visit his countrymen in the new world. Provided with funds by a private citizen of Norway, he had arrived in New York on July 9, 1844, for the purpose of making a missionary survey of the Norwegian colonies to learn what might be done toward establishing the Norwegian Lutheran church in the wildernesses of America. Besides Muskego, he visited a number of other settlements, principally in the Middle West, preaching the gospel and conducting other offices of the church en route. On June 7, 1845, he returned to Norway from the port of New York. In the following year he published in Stavanger a little book of 128 pages, giving an account of his travels and making certain recommendations looking to the establishment of a permanent church among the emigrants. The book confines itself mainly to religious conditions and makes only guarded references to the material situation of the colonists. Meanwhile, during his travels in America, he had written more intimate letters to friends in Norway expressing more unguarded opinions as to the whole question of emigration. One of these letters, written at Muskego on September 25, 1844, and printed in *Morgenbladet* on December 8, 1844, contains the unequivocal statement, "So far as I have observed conditions hitherto, I am unable to see what advantage the emigrants have gained through exchanging Norway for America." In the same letter he was careless enough to say that in America everything—in this case a clerical ordination—could be bought for a price. In short, Dietrichson leaned toward that school of thought in Norway which regarded emigrants as deserters of country and of church. Others in Norway were disposed to justify emigration on various grounds, principally the more material. On the publication of Dietrichson's letter a newspaper controversy sprang up involving the motives of the emigrants, a difference of opinion as to the justifiability of emigration which can be traced in the public press of Norway throughout the nineteenth century.—If the document presented below be not directly occasioned by Dietrichson's letter, it certainly was occasioned by the dubious attitude of many in Norway toward those of their countrymen who had found it advisable to seek

their bread on other shores. The controversial tone of the round robin from Muskego may be sufficiently explained by reference to the natural reluctance of Norway at seeing so many of her people leaving the land of their birth, a reluctance which some in Norway expressed more wisely than others. The document follows below.

"AN ACCOUNT OF CONDITIONS IN NORTH AMERICA

"Something like a year has now gone by since the hearts of nearly all among us were filled with foreboding and discouragement, brought about by illness of various kinds and in part by want of the very necessaries of life; a condition which at that time prevailed among us because of the crowding into our midst of large numbers of our poor immigrant countrymen who, lacking funds to continue their journey, found themselves compelled for a while to sojourn here. It was a season of sorrow, such as to try the patience of several of us to the utmost. A certain few, overwrought in mind, even spread the most thoughtless rumors, accompanied in some cases by curses and expressions of contempt for America, as much as to say that God had no part in creating this land, a land so highly endowed by nature that even its uncultivated condition must be regarded as in effect half cultivated when compared with the native state of the soil in Norway and many other European countries; a land which for centuries has been a safe refuge for exiles from nearly every state in Europe, exiles who have, almost without exception, found here a carefree livelihood after conquering the first difficulties that beset every pioneer community, provided only that they bent their minds on gaining through industry and thrift the necessary means of subsistence. There are some who complain of the trials that immigrants at first must meet; but all such persons should feel a sense of shame when they recall what history has to tell of the sufferings of those earliest immigrants who opened the way for coming generations by founding the first colony in the United States, the Virginia colony. Not only were they visited by contagious diseases and by famine; they had also to fight against wild beasts and Indians. Through such misfortunes the colony was on several occasions nearly exterminated and had to be reenforced. At length, of some six hundred colonists about sixty were left; these survivors, facing certain death from famine, found themselves compelled to leave the shores of the country in boats which they had built in the hope of reaching the banks of Newfoundland and of meeting there with fishing vessels on which they might return to England. But, as it appeared, such was not the will of God. Just as they had embarked they came, at the mouth of the Potomac River, the gateway to the colony, across some ships that had been sent out from England for their relief. Thus encouraged they returned to continue the work of settlement that they had begun. So they fought and won their victory; and so they became the immediate occasion whereby it has been made possible for twenty millions of people to find abundant resources in the United States, a number which is supposed to be capable of being doubled more than once before the opportunities here shall have been exhausted. Should not we likewise, with brighter prospects than theirs, entertain the hope of winning by perseverance victories like theirs and of gaining what we need to sustain life! Or should God, who in his word has laid upon us the precept, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth," not crown such an undertaking with success, inasmuch as He has so richly endowed this land and

made it more fitted to produce all manner of food for mankind than perhaps any other country in the whole world; more especially under the present conditions, when overpopulation in Europe, greater than at almost any earlier time, has made emigration a necessity.

"The dissatisfaction that showed itself at the beginning among many of the immigrants at this place had its origin for the most part in an unseasonable homesickness more to be looked for in children than in grown people; it arose from such circumstances, for instance, as that they had to get along without certain kinds of food to which they had been accustomed, that this or that article in their diet did not have the same flavor as it had in the old home, that they suffered from the lack of some convenience or other, or that they missed certain of their friends with whom they had before had pleasant association. By taking such things to heart they permit their minds to be filled with unquiet longings that must remain fruitless. Meanwhile they lose sight of all those former difficulties, of the whole gloomy prospect of material success under which they labored heavily in the land of their birth; and so they now imagine the place where they were born to be that land of Canaan which at one time they supposed to lie in America. One who tries to forget bygone things and to look forward instead, and who pursues his lawful labors in patience and in the fear of God, will surely not find his hopes disappointed if he will only aim, so far as his material needs are concerned, to be content with his daily bread. We have no expectation of gaining riches; but we live under a liberal government in a fruitful land, where freedom and equality are the rule in religious as in civil matters, and where each one of us is at liberty to earn his living practically as he chooses. Such opportunities are more to be desired than riches; through these opportunities we have a prospect of preparing for ourselves, by diligence and industry, a carefree old age. We have therefore no reason to regret the decision that brought us to this country.

An attempt has been made to prevent people from coming to this country by representing America as a suitable refuge for released convicts or such men as seek to escape the wrath of the law. It is true that many persons of this type have come hither and that here as elsewhere there are altogether too many wicked men. Yet this state of affairs is unavoidable, inasmuch as good men and evil are permitted to come in, the one with the other; nevertheless, assault, robbery, and theft are much less common here than in the lands from which such men may have come. At all events, misdeeds of this kind are unheard of among us, and so no one need shrink back from America on this account. Attempts have also been made to frighten people away from this settlement because of the presence of illness among us last year; yet although the summer just past was unusually wet and cold for this latitude, we have not suffered from any epidemic, in spite of certain fears during the spring; and we have reason to hope that we shall continue to be spared.

"Only a few words more. By reason of the circumstances just mentioned, namely the privations and the sickness that visited our colony and robbed most of us of the gains of our labor, some among us found it expedient to turn to our friends in Norway with a request for assistance in building the church of which we stood in such great need. The response to our request has been so unexpectedly generous that we have been enabled to complete after a fashion the church building that for some time has been under construction in this settlement. Wherefore we take occasion to express here our thanks to the honored donors, the following named men:

Hr. Proprietaer T. O. Bache, Walle pr..	Drammen	200 Daler
Hr. Stadshauptmand N. Bache.....	Drammen	100 Daler
Hr. Kjöbmand T. Bache.....	Drammen	50 Daler
Hr. Kjöbmand E. Olsen.....	Drammen	50 Daler
Hr. Kjöbmand J. K. Lykke.....	Throndhjem	10 Daler
Hr. Simen Svendsen.....	Lier	15 Daler
Hr. Tollef Mörch.....	.....	5 Daler
		430 Daler

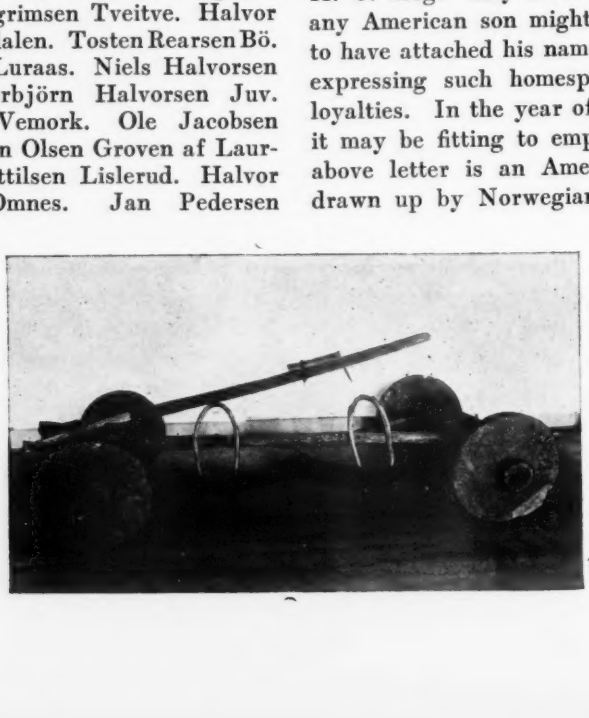
"The newspaper editors of Norway are hereby respectfully requested by the undersigned, their countrymen, to publish this account in its entirety and without change in their daily press, and to append our several names.

"The settlement of Muskego, in Racine and Milwaukee Counties, Wisconsin Territory in the United States, Jan. 6, 1845.

"Joh. Johansen. A. Kleve. Thormod Flættre. J. Helgesen. T. Helgesen. Halvor Nilssen Lohenev. Ole Nilssen Lohenev. Jörgen Larsen. Östen Mæland. Östen Ingusland. Halvor Olssen Silgudalen. Ole Olsen Grönhovd. Halvor Löngflaat. Gunnuf Sörem. Anders Larsen Folsland. Even Hansen Heg. Östen Larsen. Torger Östensen Luraas. Halvor Östensen Luraas. Asle Hellesen Fosgaard. Hermo Tuft. Herbiörn Nilssen Ingulsland. Knudt Johnsen Bekhuus. Torsten Torbjösensen. John Nilsen Ruii. Björn Hatlestad. Lars Olsen Dommerud. Tarjer Olsen Landsverk. Ole Knudsen Thraeim. Thore Thoresen Spaaneim. Hans Torgrimsen Tveitve. Halvor Halvorsen Grasdalen. Tosten Rearsen Bö. Knud Johnsen Luraas. Niels Halvorsen Græsdalen. Torbjörn Halvorsen Juv. Ole Leiufsen Vemork. Ole Jacobsen Emurg. Christen Olsen Groven af Laurdal. Torkel Kittilsen Lislerud. Halvor Torbjörnsen Omnes. Jan Pedersen Husevold. Hötjer Mattisen Fossoe. Herbjörn Gunmundsen Hagen. Östen Olsen Skaalaas. Ole Gjermundsen Haakaanes. Ole Evensen Kjönaas. A. Hansen. Bryjul. Tollevsen Groue. Ole Larsen Groue. Colben Davidsen Westreim. Stork Jeversen Wiche. Gulaug Iversen Wiche. Ole Pedersen Engen. Andreas Bol. Gregar Halvorsen Norgarden af Fladal. Tosten Östensen Bön. Gonnar Midböen. Ole Aslesen Myren. Andreas Aslagsen Schese. Herbrand Anstensen Hovland. Johannes Anundsen. Hælge Toresen Faane. Niels Hansen Kallerud. Johannes Christians. Johannes Evensen. Ejel Olsen Kleven. Engebret Gulbransen Sölland. Haagen Anderssen. Ole Anderssen. Ole Knudsön. Reiaa Nubrud. Ole Haagensen. Gulbrand Gunderson Skale. Svenung Johnson Tyttegraf. Ole Johnsen Sanden. John Knudsen Traem. John Alfsen. Lars Johannesen Graue. Syvert Engebretsen Narverud."

* * *

The names appear here as copied from *Morgenbladet;* some of them have no doubt suffered mutilation in going through the press. The most interesting of the names is probably that of Even Hansen Heg, the father of Col. H. C. Heg. Any Norwegian father of any American son might well be proud to have attached his name to a document expressing such homespun virtues and loyalties. In the year of the Centennial it may be fitting to emphasize that the above letter is an American manifesto drawn up by Norwegian immigrants.



Current Events

U. S. A.

¶ The American Commission on the funding of the Belgian debt has recognized the distinction drawn by President Wilson at Versailles between the Belgian obligations dating before and after the Armistice. The terms agreed upon, cancelling the interest on the pre-armistice debt, will constitute a significant step in post-war finance, especially as they raise the question of precedent for the treatment of the French and Italian debts. Previously the administration has supported the popular view that the foreign government debtors can and should pay their debts in full. ¶ Washington correspondents prophecy that tax reform in the next Congress will reduce the tax on incomes over eight thousand dollars from six to five per cent, and the surtax on large incomes from forty to twenty-five per cent; will abolish the federal inheritance tax; and will scale down the present twelve and one-half per cent corporation income tax. The Treasury expects prosperity and the employment of labor to result from this freeing of capital from heavy taxation. ¶ President Coolidge has spoken in favor of a consolidation of railroads to permit a reduction of rates and an equalization of profits so that deficits on unprofitable lines may be met from surpluses in prosperous districts. The Van Sweringen Brothers of Cleveland, merging the Nickel Plate, Pere Marquette, the Hocking Valley, the Chesapeake & Ohio and smaller lines, have met with legal opposition from those who have a stock interest in the prosperous roads. ¶ The will of the poet Amy Lowell provided an annual fund of two thousand dollars for a poet of promise who shall devote a year to study and writing abroad. ¶ The Board of the University of Wisconsin, after accepting a gift from the Rockefeller Foundation, ruled that hereafter no funds will be accepted from endowed corporations. ¶ Three American universities have elected new presidents. Dr. Glen Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, was previously editor of the *Century Magazine;* Dr. Clarence C. Little, professor of genetics, goes from the University of Maine to the University of Michigan; Dr. Max Mason, formerly in the University of Wisconsin, becomes president of the University of Chicago. ¶ At the Williamstown Institute of Politics, Professor E. M. East of Harvard recommended to Count Cippico that Italy remove her worry over excess population not by imperialistic expansion or headlong emigration, but by birth control. His incidental comments on undesirable immigrants were the cause of angry protests from Italian-Americans. ¶ Former Secretary of State Hughes, addressing the American Bar Association, discussed the issues raised by the Tennessee Anti-Evolution Law. He said: "The most ominous sign of our time . . . . . is the indication of the growth of an intolerant spirit. It is the more dangerous when armed, as it usually is, with sincere conviction." ¶ The Primary contest for the Mayorality in New York took on more than local significance because of the antagonism between Governor Smith, supporting the candidate of Tammany Hall, Senator James Walker, and the publisher William R. Hearst, supporting the incumbent, Mayor Hylan. ¶ The giant dirigible *Shenandoah* was torn asunder in a windstorm over Caldwell, Ohio, early in the morning of September 3, and fell to earth in two parts separated by more than ten miles. Commander Lansdown and twelve of his crew were killed. The *Shenandoah,* a ship of the model of the Zeppelin L-33 and British R-33 type, was the first rigid airship built here.

Denmark

¶ Called into special session the Danish Rigsdag found the Conservative party strongly to the front as questioning the policy of the Social Democratic administration of the country's financial affairs. The rapid rise of the krone was discussed in its effect on the industrial life of the nation, but it was considered inadvisable at the present time to attempt to advance the currency to par. ¶ Considerable surprise was caused by the action of Fru Nina Bang, the Minister of Education, who advocated full liberty for the people of the Faroe Islands to use their native language in the schools, to the detriment of Danish. *Berlingske Tidende* takes the position that such a concession to native demands would jeopardize the long established relations between the islanders and the mother country. ¶ Elaborate festivities attended the dedication of the *Mindehöj* (Memorial Hill) in the presence of King Christian and the entire royal family, hundreds of members of the Danish-American Brotherhood, at the time on a vist to Denmark, and a vast outpouring of the people of the capital. The speech delivered in Danish by the American Minister, John Dyneley Prince, was one of the striking incidents of the noteworthy event. ¶ Dr. Prince was also the center of two other important events in Copenhagen; the presentation by him of the Barnard gold medal of Columbia University to Professor Niels Bohr for his discoveries in the realm of the atom, and the presentation of the American Bible to the Danish Bible Society by Bishop Darlington of the United States to Bishop Ostenfeld. ¶ Interest in Greenland has been accentuated of late by the sailing of several expeditions with the view of visiting heretofore unfrequented parts of that far northern possession of the Danish crown. Aboard the Hans Egede sailed recently Minister of the Interior Hauge, who wished personally to investigate certain things bearing on the further colonization of Greenland and the possibility for greater trade with the natives. An expedition of special interest is that financed by Chr. Erichsen, the Copenhagen publisher, who is sending Helge Bangsted, a companion of Knud Rasmussen on his latest expedition, to Greenland for the purpose of taking motion pictures of heretofore untraveled sections where the natives live in their primitive state. Mr. Bangsted and a companion will be absent an entire year. ¶ Another fact which is lending interest to the Greenland discussion is the extraordinarily good results which have attended the fishing off the banks of Greenland the present year. The catch of cod in particular has proved a source of big revenue to the fishermen who chose that section of the ocean for their activity. ¶ Among the thousands of visitors to Denmark the present summer the coming of the International Students' Society constituted something especially interesting. Nearly 30 nationalities were represented among the 800 members of the society that gave presence. ¶ In Odense preliminary arrangements were made for the organization of a Hans Christian Andersen Society whose function would be to conduct researches of both a scientific and literary nature with regard to the poet's life and activity, and in other ways keep alive the national interest in his works.

Sweden

¶ During the month of August more than a thousand churchmen from all over the world gathered in Stockholm for two congresses which, of their kind, were perhaps the largest and most important ever held. The first was the Congress of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches. That was followed by the Ecumenical Council which was held in the Storkyrka and was opened by the king on August 19. The plan of bringing together representatives of all the churches in the world for a conference on the practical and ethical problems of Christendom, all discussions of doctrine to be excluded, arose some years ago, and it was largely through the efforts of Archbishop Söderblom that it was finally realized. Naturally, therefore, Sweden was chosen as the meeting-place. All the state churches and large free church bodies with the exception of the Roman Catholic were represented, and the delegates, who numbered about 600, included many of the leading prelates from both the old and the new world. Besides the delegates there were a number of others present, who followed the lectures and the discussions with interest. Among the problems under consideration were the relation of the church to social and economic questions; the church and international relations; the church and peace; the church and schools; and not least the methods by which the churches could unite in working toward their common ends. It is hoped that not only the discussions but also the personal contacts established will be of far-reaching importance. The meeting lasted till the end of the month. ¶ During the summer a local strike movement was started which became a political issue of importance. Some of the city employees in Kalmar who worked at the gas works and the street cleaning department were dissatisfied with their wages and therefore declared a strike. Volunteers were then engaged at the gas works in order to keep the city supplied with gas, and when these volunteers were violently attacked by the strikers, the government was asked to give the workers protection from assault. The Socialist Government, however, took the part of the strikers, and instead of protecting those who attempted to keep the city functioning normally, tried to forbid the work of volunteers. The city authorities, on their side, refused to comply with the government edict, and would not discuss terms with the strikers until they went back to work. The immediate effect of this was that some of the strikers came back, but no agreement being in sight, strike was declared again. Since then the work of the city has been carried on by volunteers. Social Minister Larson has been sharply critized in the non-Socialist press. ¶ In Uppland agricultural workers went on strike in the busiest harvest season. The strike, however, was short-lived, and work was soon resumed. It is the first strike on a large scale among agricultural laborers. ¶ In the coal mines at Spitsbergen owned by a Swedish company a fire broke out and raged for a long time while it was impossible to get the conflagration under control. The company has hitherto operated at a loss, and in order that it would not have to close down entirely asked the government for a loan. This was granted in spite of many protests, as it was felt undertaking was important enough to justify the outlay. ¶ Another terrible conflagration raged at Hisingen near Göteborg. Wharves, lumber yards, and mechanical workshops to a value of 3 and one half million kronor were consumed by the flames, and two firemen were killed.

Norway

¶ Norway assumed sovereignty over Svalbard (Spitsbergen) with a ceremony at Longyear City, August 14. The Minister of Justice, Paal Berg, presided, and read a proclamation from the Norwegian Government. The Svalbard Treaty, signed by the great European powers, the mining law, and the Norwegian law on the administration of the islands came into force simultaneously. The temporary Governor (*Sysselmann*), Lassen, at once took over the administration of Svalbard. At Oslo and all other towns in Norway there was general flag-hoisting, and salutes were fired from the fortresses. The papers in leading articles emphasized the importance of this extension of Norwegian territory. The Norwegian envoy at Paris, Wedel Jarlsberg, who was largely instrumental in effecting the Svalbard treaty, has been awarded the grand cross of the order of St. Olav with chain. ¶ Roald Amundsen made his first public lecture on his polar flying-expedition in the National Theater at Oslo, August 14. Among those present were the King, the Queen, Prince Olav, and the American Minister to Norway, Mr. Laurits Swenson. Amundsen paid a glowing tribute to his American companion, Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth, without whose generosity the expedition would never have taken place. Amundsen emphasized that when Mr. Ellsworth saved Ditrichson and Omdahl from drowning he saved the whole expedition. He therefore deeply appreciated the King's act in conferring on Ellsworth the Gold Medal for the saving of life. ¶ On the 7th of August the following were appointed by the Government to represent Norway at the Assembly of the League of Nations in September: Professor Fridtjof Nansen, former Premier Otto Blehr, and former Foreign Minister C. F. Michelet. As deputy delegates were appointed Dr. Chr. L. Lange, Professor M. H. Lie, and Mrs. Martha Larsen Jahn. Mrs. Jahn is replacing Professor Kristine Bonnevie, who did not wish reelection. Mrs. Jahn is chairman of the Norwegian section of Women's Federation for Peace and has for many years played a prominent role in philanthropic and political work. ¶ At the last international Labor Conference at Geneva, Norway was given a seat on the governing body of the International Labor Office. Mr. Lars Oftedal, Minister for Social Affairs, has now been appointed the Norwegian delegate with Mr. Th. G. Thorsen, secretary-general of the Ministry for Social Affairs, as deputy delegate. ¶ Norwegian conservatism in church matters manifested itself again on July 16, when the Storting rejected the proposal to abolish the prohibition against Jesuits. Only 33 members voted in favor of the proposal. The large majority against admitting Jesuits is generally attributed to the anxiety created by the increasing Catholic propaganda of the last years. ¶ The Storting was prorogued by the King July 18. The Government estimates for the financial year 1925-26, showing an expenditure of 4,386 million kroner, has been adopted by the Storting. ¶ According to official statistics, the trade balance of Norway has improved considerably during the first six months this year, compared to the corresponding period last year. The exports amounted to 552 million kroner as against 432 million during the same months last year. The imports increased by about 6 million.

The American-Scandinavian Foundation

For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples, by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information—

Officers: President, Hamilton Holt; Vice presidents, John G. Bergquist, John A. Gade and C. S. Peterson; Treasurer, H. Esk. Möller; Secretary, James Creese; Literary Secretary, Hanna Astrup Larsen; Counsel, Henry E. Almberg; Auditors, David Elder & Co.

Government Advisory Committees: *Danish*—A. P. Weis, Chief of the Department of the Ministry of Education, Chairman; *Norwegian*—K. J. Hougen, Chief of the Department of Church and Education, Chairman. The Swedish Government is represented in the Swedish American Foundation (below).

Co-operating Bodies: *Sweden*—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Regeringsgatan 27-29, Stockholm, Svante Arrhenius, President; Ira Nelson Morris, Honorary President; J. P. Seeburg, Honorary Vice-President; Eva Fröberg, Secretary; *Denmark*—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, M. I. T. C. Clan, President; N. Feilberg, Secretary, Vestre Boulevard 18, Copenhagen; *Norway*—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Lille Strandgade 1, Oslo, K. J. Hougen, Chairman; Sigurd Folkestad, Secretary.

A New Fellowship in Sweden

The inauguration of the Industrial Fellowship program has proved of benefit to the Foundation's older and more important university exchange between the United States and the Scandinavian countries. The first proof of this is seen in the establishment of a new Fellowship in the humanities for a Swedish student coming to the United States. This Fellowship has been subscribed for a period of five years by Mr. Ahlen of the firm of Ahlen & Holm, the chief mail order house of Sweden. It is understood that Mr. Ahlen's interest in the student work of the Foundation and of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen is to be dated from the announcement in Sweden that a number of American firms, including the Chicago mail order house of Montgomery, Ward & Company had consented to provide industrial stipends for Scandinavian students coming to the United States. Mr. Ahlen's gift is for the sum of one thousand dollars a year for five years. He prescribes that the recipient of the Ahlen Fellowship must be a university man appointed for the study of some branch of the humanities.

Professor Hovgaard in Denmark

The Chairman of the Foundation's Committee on Fellowships and Scholarships is Professor William Hovgaard of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His summer holiday in Denmark gave Professor Hovgaard an opportunity to discuss our Danish student work with the officers of Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, the Danish Students' International Committee, and other organizations which have received the American Fellows. Professor Hovgaard has also had opportunity to review the student work of the Foundation for the Danish Minister of Education, Fru Nina Bang. Professor Hovgaard returned to America in August.

Two Honorary Fellows

The Fellowship Jury of the Foundation has appointed two Honorary American Fellows for 1925-1926 in addition to the Fellows announced previously in the REVIEW. One of these, STERLING H. EMERSON of the University of Michigan, has received a stipend from the International Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation for the study of plant breeding and related problems in Sweden during the year 1925-1926. Mr. Emerson is a graduate of Cornell University and a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Michigan. He has also been instructor in botany at the University of Michigan. He expects to spend most of his time at the experiment stations near Lund, completing, under the direction of Professor Nilsson-Ehle, genetic

investigations begun in this country. He will also visit the Carlsberg Laboratories in Copenhagen, and in Norway will confer with a former Fellow of the Foundation, Professor Otto Mohr. The second Honorary Fellow is LEON N. NEULEN, who has received a stipend from the International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University, to make a study of the educational system of Norway. Mr. Neulen is a graduate of St. Olaf College and is a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Teachers College, Columbia University.

Industrial Fellows

MR. ERLING O. INDERGAARD, Industrial Fellow of the Foundation from Norway, came to America late in August to begin his practical study of banking in the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh. . . . The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has selected MR. A. R. SUNDVIK to succeed Mr. Hilding Melin as their Industrial Fellow in banking for 1925-1926. . . . Mr. Hans F. Nielsen, who has been our Central Union Trust Company Fellow for the past year, has been called home to Norway to assist in the re-organization of his own bank, Den Norske Kreditbank, especially in the introduction of American mechanical equipment. . . . Marshall Field & Company of Chicago have selected as their Industrial Fellow from Sweden, TORSTEN O. WALLMAN. . . . The National City Bank of New York City has selected CARL MOBERG as the next Fellow in banking from Sweden. Mr. Moberg will begin his work at the bank early in 1926.

A Survey of Immigration

OTTO JÄRTE, Zorn Fellow of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, has begun his study of immigration problems in Canada with the expectation that he will return to the United States in September. Mr. Järte was a member of the Stockholm City Council from 1911 to 1915 and a member of the City Council for Free Legal Advice from 1913 to 1918. He is a specialist on the question of salaries and wages, and on several occasions has served on government commissions dealing with subjects relating to these. His previous studies of economic problems have taken him to Denmark, Germany, France, Belgium, England, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy.

A Radio Program

On Tuesday, August 25, the Foundation broadcast a radio program from Station WGBS of Gimbel Brothers. The program was introduced by Consul General Georg Bech and included brief addresses by Dr. B. H. Brilioth, Director of The American Swedish News Exchange, who had recently returned from Sweden, and the Secretary of the Foundation. The musical part of the program was provided by Morton Sherdahl, baritone, Miss Astrid Fjelde, and Miss Iris Törn. Miss Törn is a Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden who has been studying piano in New York during the past winter.

Mr. Leach to Lecture

Our former Secretary, Henry Goddard Leach, has accepted a number of invitations to lecture in the west during February and March. His lecture topics are "Making a Magazine," "Both Sides of the Question," and "The Voyages of the Vikings." Three years ago Mr. Leach became editor of the *Forum*, a magazine now celebrating its fortieth year of literary and political achievement. Under his direction the magazine has resumed the enviable position it held when Walter Hines Page was its editor thirty years ago. It has been Mr. Leach's ambition in the *Forum* to create a distinctive magazine of free, intelligent, honest discussion, often from both sides of the question. Mr. Leach's lecture tour will begin in Chicago and will take him to Seattle and San Francisco. He

will return to the East by way of Denver and St. Louis.

Trade Editions of Classics

The publisher Alfred A. Knopf has brought out new editions of translations originally published by the Foundation in our series of SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS: *Marie Grubbe, A Lady of the Seventeenth Century,* by J. P. Jacobsen, translated by Hanna Astrup Larsen; and *The Book About Little Brother,* by Gustaf af Geijerstam, translated by Edwin Björkman. These are trade editions printed from plates leased from the Foundation. This is the second trade edition of *Marie Grubbe* since its publication by the Foundation in 1917.

Books of Pictures

The illustrated volumes on Denmark, Norway, and Sweden issued by the Foundation at the close of 1924, evidently filled a need of the tourist. During the early summer season, more than three hundred copies of *What You See in Denmark* were sold on board the vessels of the Scandinavian American Line; and an agent for books in Copenhagen thought the demand urgent enough to cable for one hundred copies of this same book. The books are sold at $1.00 in the United States and $1.25 abroad. Of a convenient size, bound in the national colors, printed on a fine grade of coated paper, these books have met with a popular success that shows how inadequate had been the supply of good views from the three Scandinavian countries.

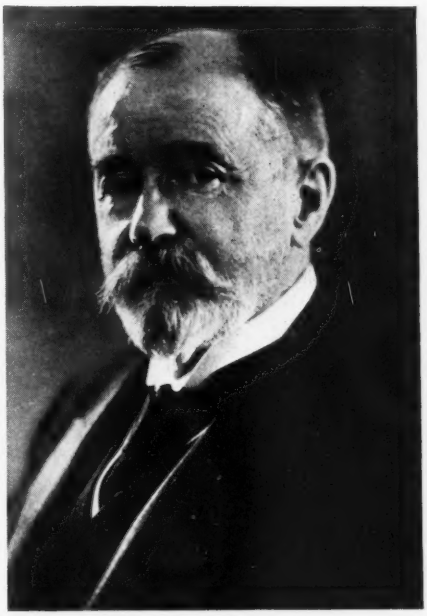
The Foundation's Printers

The REVIEW is now printed by the Walden Typesetting Company of Chicago, with which our Trustee, Mr. Charles S. Peterson, has recently become associated. From this Press also will come our new CLASSIC, Dr. Stork's translation of *The Swedes and Their Chieftains* by Verner von Heidenstam.

Northern Lights

A Norwegian-American Publisher

On August 21 a special meeting of the City Council of Chicago was held in official tribute to the son of Ivar Larsen, an immigrant from Voss, Norway. This son was Victor F. Lawson, whose middle name bore witness of his Norwegian father's admiration for the first presidential candidate of the Republican party, General Freemont. The press of



VICTOR F. LAWSON

the country lamented his death. The publishers of the *New York Times* said of him: "Victor F. Lawson was generally recognized as the dean of American newspaper publishers. He stood in the lead in every movement to create and preserve public trust in the integrity and high ideals of American newspapers. News unadulterated and trustworthy he fought for and achieved." Chief Justice William H. Taft of the United States

Supreme Court said: "Through his genius for organization he created a great newspaper, wielding the widest influence. He maintained a high standard of journalism. He showed his sense of responsibility for the wealth he earned by his many philanthropies."

Victor F. Lawson inherited a publishing business from his father, and continued the publication of his father's paper, the *Skandinaven*. He rented space in his office to a young man named Melville E. Stone who published here *The Chicago Daily News*. The two formed a partnership, and in 1888 he bought his partner's interest and became the sole proprietor of the *Daily News*. He made of this a paper of independent policy, even declining to invest in securities of public service corporations that his hands might be free; he introduced pages devoted to woman and the home; he made it a penny newspaper and acquired a great circulation; and he induced his fellow publishers to co-operate in collecting news from all parts of the world. With Melville Stone he developed the Associated Press, the national agency for the assembling of news, and became first its president and later a director. He was called "the father of the Postal Savings Banks" for he began and continued through his newspapers the advocacy of a government savings bank. He established the *Daily News* Fresh Air fund and maintained the Lincoln Park Sanitarium for the sick children of the poor. He was a quiet man, not given to public speech, but what was said of him at his death was broadcast from every radio station in Chicago, other stations remaining silent to give the right of way to the one installed for the memorial service for him.

A Sesqui-Centennial Celebration

In 1926 Philadelphia will celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth year of American independence. The Sesqui-Centennial Exposition Association has issued invitations to foreign countries to participate in the celebration. These invitations are signed by the Mayor of Philadelphia, the Honorable Freeland Kendrick, Mr. Ernest T. Trigg, Chairman of the Executive Board, the Colonel David C. Collier, Director General. A group of Norwegians in Philadelphia have undertaken to plan a day of participation for Norway and have organized an association known as the Leif Erikson Association, of which Mr. P. N. Selvig is president. It is their plan to secure exhibits of diversified character which will rival the Norse American Centennial in Minnesota. It is proposed that a viking ship be built to be floated on a lagoon in the exhibition grounds on Norway Day, September 29, 1926, and that this ship be transferred through the city to the stadium for the Norwegian program. It is proposed that Sweden participate with a representative exhibition of fine art, though plans for it are not yet perfected.

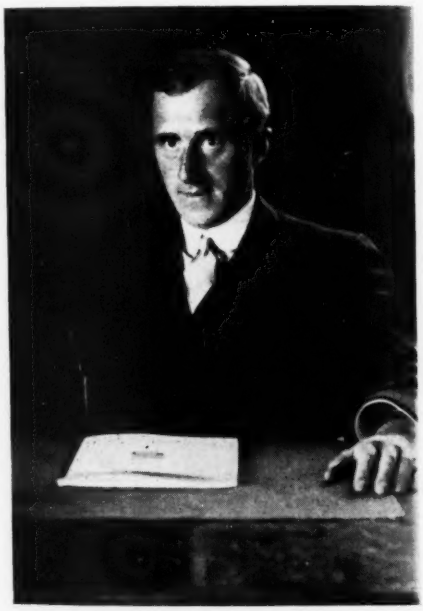
To Lecture in Oslo

The Institute of Comparative Research in Human Culture, of which Dr. Fredrik Stang of the University of Oslo is president, will be addressed by two American professors this year, Professor Franz Boaz of Columbia University and Professor Edwin Diller Starbuck of the University of Iowa. This will be the first participation of Americans in the discussions of the institute. Dr. Starbuck has been professor of philosophy in the University of Iowa since 1906. He is the author of *Psychology in Religion*, and of *Moral Education in the public schools*. Professor Boaz is an anthropologist whose investigations began with an expedition to Baffin Land in 1883-84 and whose publications have won for him the recognition of scientific societies in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London, Moscow, Rome, and Stockholm. He has been

professor of anthropology in Columbia University since 1899 and Curator of the Department of Anthropology in the American Museum of Natural History from 1901 to 1905. He is the editor of the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* and among his works are *The Growth of Children, The Form of Body of Descendants of Immigrants,* and *The Mind of Primitive Man.*

A New Norse-Canadian Organization

The Norse-American Centennial celebration in Canada bore fruit in the organization of a Norwegian society



WILHELM MORGENSTIERNE

which is to include all of Canada and to be affiliated with Nordmandsforbundet which has headquarters in Oslo. The organization was the result of a visit from Mr. Wilhelm Morgenstierne, vice-president of Nordmandsforbundet, who spoke at a great Norse gathering at Outlook, Saskatchewan. Mr. Morgenstierne also gave the main address at the Centennial in Seattle, where he was the official representative of the Norwegian Government and Storting.

Mr. Morgenstierne has been active in promoting good relations between Norway and the United States in many capacities. During the war he was secretary of the Nansen Commission in Washington and afterwards counsellor of the legation. At present he is chief of the Anglo-Saxon Bureau in the Norwegian Foreign Department. He was for years secretary of Nordmandsforbundet, is now its vice-president, and devotes to its work a great deal of his time.

Books

SWEDES IN AMERICA

Svenskarna i Amerika. *Populär historisk skildring i ord och bild av svenskarnas liv och underbare öden i Forenta Staterne och Canada.* Under redaktion av Karl Hildebrand och Axel Fredenholm. Stockholm: Historiska Förlaget. 1925. Volume I. Price $6.00.

"All the past lives in the present," said President Coolidge at the Norse-American Centennial in Minneapolis. "All the works and thoughts of those who have gone before have left their mark on what we think and do." These words might have been the motto of this great work on Swedes in America, carefully edited by scholars of Sweden, and dealing with the interwoven fortunes of the homeland and the adopted country, the first volume of which has just appeared. Emanating as it does, not from a Swedish-American centre but from Sweden, it has gained perspective, and the emigration movement is related to its background.

Dr. Hildebrand in the first chapter sketches in broad lines the history of Sweden from ancient times to our day and gives a brief description of the people, their country, government, institutions, and means of livelihood. His co-editor, Rektor Fredenholm, tells the story of the Norwegian discoveries of Iceland, Greenland, and Vineland and

points out how great an influence these expeditions had on the Swedes. Mr. Fredenholm also writes that honorable chapter in Swedish history which deals with New Sweden on the Delaware and, together with Dr. Amandus Johnson and other American contributors, presents a series of biographies of Swedes in early American history, beginning with Governor Printz and ending with Wertmüller, the artist who painted Washington.

The account of the part taken by Swedes in American wars, written by Dr. Rütger Essén, is too modest in what it claims. Recent investigations have shown that a great many more Swedish officers than hitherto supposed took part especially in the Revolutionary war. It is a pity also that the life of John Ericsson is rather summarily dealt with as "too well known" for expansive treatment. Nothing is too well known to be included in a work of this kind.

Of most absorbing interest to an American is the analysis of the emigration movement from the standpoint of the homeland, its moral and economic causes, the vain attempts to stem the tide, and the final resigned acquiescence of public men who could not help deploring the loss of so much good stock. We see something of those thousand subtle threads, woven largely of letters from kinsfolk, which bound people in Sweden more closely to America than to the inhabitants of the next province at home. We get at least the material for pondering on the reflex action of emigration and its effect in hastening reforms in the homeland. The middle of the nineteenth century, when the westward flow began, was in many ways a "foot-loose" period. The old paternalistic restraints had been taken away (even the necessity for passport was abolished in Sweden) so that the common people could move about exactly as they pleased. Liberal phrases had been strewn broadcast and, fermenting in their minds, had prepared them for stories of the great republic across the sea where "anybody was as good as anybody else," while legislation at home had not yet been able to carry these liberal ideas out in practice as it has been done later.

The first chapter of the immigrants' conquest of the prairies is included in the present volume. The second volume, for which a number of Swedish-American contributors have been secured, will deal more at length with the cultural and religious activities of the Swedes in America.

Svenskarna i Amerika should be made available in English. Its authoritative character and broad scope make it especially valuable for the American reader who wishes to know something of the Swedish group of our citizens and the events that shaped its destinies in the homeland as well as on American soil. The volume is extremely attractive, printed on fine paper in large type and with a number of well chosen and excellently reproduced illustrations.

H.A.L.

The Norwegian Tourist Association

To Nordland is dedicated the major portion of the 1925 Yearbook of the Norwegian Tourist Association. Five full-page illustrations precede the text which opens with a poem to Nordland by Knut Hamsun. A variety of generously illustrated articles follow, and all lovers of outdoor life will find interesting the experience of other devotees of the trail and footpath. There must be many such in Norway, who value the privileges accorded to those enrolled in this society, for the Association has a membership of more than seven thousand, four hundred of this number being life members.



A Hall in the New Art Building at Göteborg



Facade of the New Art Building

The New Art Museum in Göteborg

The city of Göteborg has always been distinguished for the interest in art taken by its citizens, and for the large gifts that have made it possible to assemble a very remarkable publicly-owned collection of art. Up to this time it has been housed very inadequately in the old Museum building, but this had become too small. At the Exposition, in 1923, which celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the city, a magnificent art building dominated the entrance to the Exposition grounds. At the time it contained a loan collection of Northern art brought together for the occasion, but after the Exposition had closed its doors, the building was taken into use for its real purpose, namely, as a home for the city's art treasures. These have now been put into place and show to excellent advantage in the new quarters.

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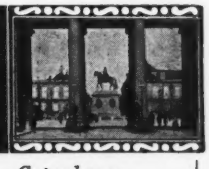
The United States Department of Commerce has issued a statement to the effect that for the first 11 months of the last harvest year exports of grain and other cereal products amounted in value to 500 million dollars as against 219 million dollars for the same period of the previous year. The larger amount is said to be principally due to the high price obtained for wheat. Exports of maize and rice declined in value, however.

Establishment of Oslo Export Bourse

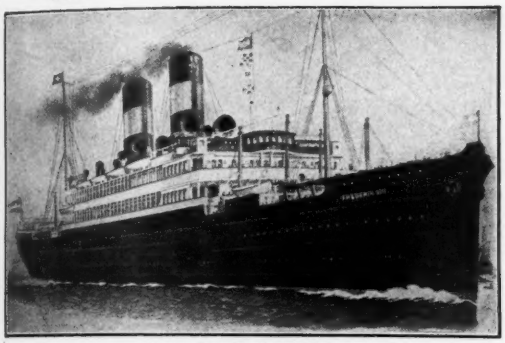
The Norwegian importers who come to the Oslo Bourse as a centre of quotations for the home sale of their goods have for a number of years had the advantage of a regular quotation day for their goods (Friday) and with great interest have taken part in all matters which are likely to come up on such a day. As the lack of a similar day had long been felt by the many exporters in and around Oslo, both the Oslo Bourse, the Trading Committee, and the export organizations joined in the establishment of the Export Bourse, which event took place on June third. Wednesday was selected as the day for the transaction of business, and more than thirty firms signified their intention to participate, while quotation committees were formed for cellulose, woodpulp, paper, and planed timber. An arrangement with the large new radio station in Oslo for broadcasting quotations has also been received with considerable satisfaction by those concerned with the trade in various commodities.



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Oct. 8	Oct. 9	FREDERIK VIII	Oct. 27
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Nov. 6	Nov. 7	HELLIG OLAV	Nov. 27***
Nov. 20	Nov. 21	FREDERIK VIII	Dec. 9
Dec. 18	Dec. 19	HELLIG OLAV	Jan. 7, 1926

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CARL HENRICHSEN, Managing Director

SHIPPING NOTES

NEW PRESIDENT OF SWEDISH LINE

Mr. Axel Carlander of Gothenburg, Sweden, has been elected to succeed the late Dan Broström as President and Managing Director for the Swedish American Line.

Mr. Carlander was earlier the Chairman of the Board of Directors, and is a Director of Gamlestadens Fabrikers A. B., the well-known cotton weaving concern. He is Chairman of the Harbor Board, Chamber of Commerce and Svea Fire & Life Insurance Company, also Vice-Chairman of Skandinaviska Kredit A. B. and acted as President of the Board of Aldermen during the Tercentennial Exposition in Gothenburg 1923.

FINLAND-AMERICA NEW STEAMSHIP ROUTE

Under the auspices of the Swedish-American Line there has just been established a new steamship route between Finland and the United States, with regular sailings twice a month. Among the four or five ships in the service will be the motorship *Korsholm*. The ships take only freight, and if insufficient cargo is obtained in Finland it will be supplemented with Swedish freight. The leading Finnish importers and exporters are fully satisfied with the new arrangement and promise their hearty co-operation.

DENMARK'S POSITION AS A SHIPBUILDING NATION

According to Lloyd's Register Great Britain is the nation which leads in shipbuilding, while Germany and Italy follow. Denmark is seventh in line with 78,061 tons and Sweden next with 67,18 tons. In Germany, shipbuilding is making bi strides and at present there is under constructio in German yards 119,247 tons of new ships. Tan ships are much in demand, it appears, as a tota of 372,267 tons is being built, representing 5 ships.

DENMARK BUILDING YACHTS FOR UNITED STATES

For the account of Boston sportsmc there ha just been completed in the Danish shipyard "Thornycroft Scandinavia," South Harbor, Copen hagen, the first of the two yachts ordered a shor time ago. The yachts are constructed in accor ance with the requirements of the American "2 R-Class" with a length of 39 feet and a width 7 feet.

NEW MOTOR SHIP "PARKESTON"

With the placing into service of the *Parkesto* on the Esbjerg-England route, the United Steam ship Company of Copenhagen has added m terially to its equipment and given new impor ance to a route that for some time has been special significance as a connecting link betwee Denmark and England by the shortest possibl distance. The *Parkeston* is in every way up t date, and the trial trips which were participate in by some of the leading ship authorities revealed a perfection in construction and navigation whic won the admiration of all aboard. The Unite Steamship Company is leaving nothing undone t comply with the demands of the present time an under its present management has taken advan tage of every new appliance which may bring greater comfort to its clientele.